

Américas



TIERRA DEL FUEGO
the desolate land see page 14



Américas

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Dear Reader

On April 23 the Pan American Union will pay tribute to a noted Honduran patriot whose vision of Central American unity anticipated by more than a hundred years the recently formed Organization of Central American States. Juan Nepomuceno Fernández Lindo y Zelaya (fortunately, for English-speaking readers, shortened by history to Juan Lindo) was uniquely inter-American both in outlook and in action: he served as President of two Central American countries and founded universities in both nations. His name and achievements will be recalled in many places, then, on the centenary of his death next month.

Born in Tegucigalpa in 1790, Lindo graduated from law school in Mexico and soon became well versed in public affairs. He was active in Central American politics during the turbulent period of transition that preceded and followed independence. He advocated Spanish control at first and later the separation of the five republics. Finally, however, he realized that "the Republic of Central America was a necessity" and took up the standard for equality, unity, and sovereignty in the Hemisphere.

Though Honduran by birth, as a Central American citizen Lindo was elected President of El Salvador. During his year in office, he made outstanding contributions to education and founded the University of San Salvador. Afterward he served a four-year term as President of his native land, where he founded the University of Honduras. He defended his country's territorial rights and put his principles of American brotherhood into practice when he appealed to the Honduran people to take in exiled Mexican families. In the legislative field, he promoted the revision of the civil and penal codes and the reform of the new Federal Constitution.

So an impartial survey of Lindo's work shows him to be—along with José Cecilio del Valle, Francisco Morazán, and Máximo Jerez—a precursor of the Organization of Central American States (see October 1955 AMERICAS), of the Central American Committee on Economic Cooperation (see "On the Economic Front," October 1956), and of all efforts undertaken to reunite the five dismembered parts of the Confederation of Central America.

José A. Mora

José A. Mora
Secretary General

On the economic front

IMPACT OF INVESTMENTS

What do U.S. companies operating in Latin America actually contribute to the countries' economies? Statistics hitherto collected on their income and capital investment gave little indication, so the U.S. Department of Commerce undertook a special survey to find the answer. Among the facts uncovered: in 1955 they produced nearly five billion dollars' worth of goods and services, accounted for 30 per cent of all Latin American exports, and paid nearly a billion dollars to six hundred thousand employees and over a billion in taxes to Latin American governments.

Not all the U.S. firms in the area reported, but the three hundred parent companies and nearly a thousand subsidiaries and branches included account for 85 per cent of the assets employed in such businesses, so the figures give a fair picture.

The survey points out that U.S. enterprises in agriculture, mining, petroleum, and manufacturing yielded a net gain of three and a half billion dollars to Latin America in 1955. They remitted only six hundred million to the United States in income and fees and spent another half billion there for materials and other supplies.

Those companies—plus public utilities that grossed \$261,000,000—made local sales of \$2,735,000,000 and added \$2,211,000,000 to the countries' exports. Oil topped the list, with total sales of over two billion, almost half of it going to supply energy within Latin America. Nearly all the \$1,403,000,000 output of manufactures went to meet local needs. Mining and smelting companies' \$765,000,000 and the \$427,000,000 total for agricultural crops were largely in dollar exports.

U.S. companies account for over 40 per cent of total exports from Venezuela, Chile, and Peru, and some of the smaller Caribbean countries. In the larger nations with more diversified economies, such as Argentina, Brazil, and Mexico, U.S. companies make their main contribution by developing industrial capacity to supply growing local markets.

Industry-wise, petroleum sales mainly represented oil produced in Venezuela, Colombia, and Peru, including sales by affiliated companies in countries where output is low or nonexistent. Manufacturers' sales were highest in Argentina, Brazil, and Mexico—between three

and four hundred million dollars each—and ran between fifty and a hundred million in Chile, Colombia, Cuba, and Venezuela. Nearly half the mining companies' output consisted of Chilean copper and nitrates. Nonferrous metals, sulphur, and other minerals were important in Mexico and Peru, and iron-ore output was growing in Venezuela. Agricultural production by U.S. companies was concentrated in sugar plantations in Cuba and farms producing tropical fruits and some natural fibers in other Caribbean and Central American countries and Peru.

Now, what did the U.S. companies pay in Latin America altogether for salaries and materials, and in interest, dividends, and taxes? These direct payments, detailed in the following table, topped four billion dollars. When spent by the recipients, they, in turn, generate more business and individual incomes.

LOCAL PAYMENTS BY U.S. COMPANIES OPERATING IN LATIN AMERICA, 1955 (In millions of dollars)

Country	Total	Salaries	Materials, supplies, and equipment	Interest, royalties, and dividends	Income and other taxes*	Other and unspecified
Argentina	306	112	267	3	89	34
Brazil	657	81	427	8	77	44
Chile	350	89	39	2	187	14
Colombia	292	78	132	7	27	35
Cuba	451	129	188	7	64	52
Mexico	283	80	237	8	94	62
Peru	147	38	76	3	23	6
Venezuela	989	246	237	14	417	54
Central America	192	81	46	1	40	15
Other countries	221	50	86	11	43	30
TOTAL	4,298	987	1,816	65	1,863	367

*Includes petroleum royalties in certain countries.

Venezuela's big chunk of the tax receipts—40 per cent of the total—made up about half that country's government revenues. Receipts from U.S. companies were also a major fiscal item in Chile.

Finally, U.S. private investment is giving Latin American industrial potential a big boost through the formation of capital. The book value of U.S. direct investments in the area has risen steadily, except in the depression years following 1929, and now tops seven billion dollars, compared to two billion in 1919. The U.S. companies reporting spent six hundred million dollars in 1955 alone on plants and equipment, net additions to inventory, and exploring and developing new sources of raw materials.

Has the growth of local manufacturing in Latin America been a blow to U.S. exporters? On the contrary. In 1955 exports of manufactures (excluding petroleum products) to that area were valued at \$2,700,000,000, well above the rate for most earlier years.

a **B**razilian

IN EUROPE

GILBERTO FREYRE

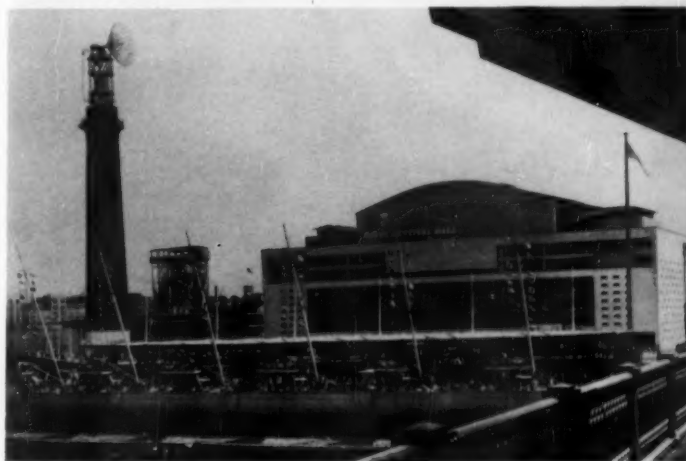
I HAVE FORMED these impressions of Europe in 1956 mainly in the universities, though also in industrial areas, factories, and theaters, among politicians, businessmen, engineers, priests, workingmen, country people. But in Europe nowadays the universities are much more closely linked than formerly with these other spheres of life. They are more attentive to what goes on outside, less isolated in the ivory tower of merely academic—at times, Byzantinely academic—problems and studies.

To be sure, it would be deplorable if the universities ceased entirely to be Marys in order to become Marthas. But somewhere between the two extremes they seem to be finding a middle ground more salubrious than either. This I noticed even in circles once so closed to the world that their members seemed to be living under glass. In Edinburgh, presiding at a luncheon held in my honor, the Vice-Chancellor of the University, the famous English physicist Sir Edward Appleton, told me he could see no essential difference between so-called "pure" science and so-called "applied" science.

I visited several British universities. Some were old friends, others I only now had a chance to get acquainted with after having long wanted to. For knowing one British university is a far cry from knowing them all: if they are similar in some respects, in others each has its own method of fulfilling its mission. Which is very much in keeping with the British character, ethos, and tradition and the British way of combining a propensity for unity with a taste for the expression of differences. The University of London is perhaps more like a Continental university than like Oxford or like

Cambridge, which so much resembles the old Scottish St. Andrews. In turn, the universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow seem, like London, to resemble universities of the type of Paris and Berlin. Yet all of them are essentially very British.

The English seemed much concerned with the problems suggested by the word *automation*—which ought, I believe, to be *automatization*. If machines continue to take the place not merely of men but of intelligent men, what will become of the majority of the population in countries like England? They will have to stand by with their arms folded, watching the machines perform feats of intelligence and learning that would put Pico della Mirandola in the shade. And how can this super-progress be adjusted to the human level? I saw Englishmen re-



Royal Festival Hall in London, according to the author, is one of few modern buildings in Europe that can impress people from Western Hemisphere

GILBERTO FREYRE, eminent sociologist and author of a classic study of slavery in Brazil, *Casa Grande e Senzala* (published in English as *The Masters and the Slaves*), is now back in Europe for another lecture tour similar to the one he writes about here.



Social awareness molds German planning: redevelopment project (above) for bombed area of Berlin, designed for 1957 International Building Exhibition, includes Le Corbusier apartments (below)



Hostel housing scheme at Munich, designed for communal living, offers individual privacy and isolation from city noise

duced by the prospect to a state comparable to Hamlet's—a "to be or not to be" of a new kind and new dimensions. But not all seemed thus disoriented by automation. Sir Edward Appleton, for example, contemplates

the problem with tranquil optimism. I was also to find this optimism among the Germans, though Germany has its share of uneasy Hamlets perplexed by the problems that the super-technical development of civilization is raising. It is necessary uneasiness. Excessive optimism has never been, by itself, a good counsellor. The restless and dissatisfied are needed too if problems are to be confronted in their full complexity.

One tendency seemed to me dominant in Europe today: a repudiation of the old simplification of human problems into something solvable by the conventional "isms." Not only liberalism but socialism itself, in all its forms from the English to the Russian, seeks new solutions. There is the consciousness of a need for them, the certainty that socialism—Communist socialism like that of Russia, Labor socialism like that partly achieved in Britain, democratic socialism like that practiced in the Scandinavian countries—represents less a triumph than a failure. Not, of course, a total failure, like those solutions called Fascist and Nazi, but a sufficiently serious one to give political and industrial leaders the right

and the responsibility to search, together with sociologists, psychologists, economists, religious leaders, and farm leaders, for new approaches to the problems of human society in an increasingly automatized civilization.

I heard more than one European social scientist voice the wish that European governments would imitate the United States by regarding the collaboration of these specialists as important. But in fact it is already apparent, sometimes strikingly, in modern European city planning and in the rebuilding of bombed areas in Germany, Britain, and the Netherlands. For example, there are new German apartment buildings with one-room-and-kitchenette apartments set aside for widows, numerous in countries devastated by the war—a measure that forestalls quarrels, caused by the presence of two women in a single kitchen, in the households where they would otherwise live. In the same way, an attempt is made to provide a certain independence for old people sharing the homes of children, grandchildren, nieces, or nephews. Another thing: special care is taken—perhaps superior to that ordinarily taken in U.S., and certainly

in Brazilian, city planning—in the placing of tall buildings, which are required to be widely separated. Which shows that the architect does not receive absolute freedom: he is bound by the urban or regional plan, part of a whole. And more and more this whole is the work not only of engineers or town planners but also of sociologists and psychologists, in order that the new or rebuilt cities should conform to the deepest needs of the men, women, and children who will live in them.

I found the same preoccupation among the researchers engaged in regional planning studies at the Frankfurt Sociographic Institute—they were particularly attentive to the problems of the various farming areas and of the relationships between these areas and the cities—and among the sociologists of the Institute of Political Science of the University of Berlin, where problems of government and administration are examined not only from the specifically political but also from the sociological viewpoint.

In short, one senses among the Europeans of today the beginnings of a healthy reaction against raw specializa-



On their trip, Dr. and Mrs. Freyre were entertained at dinner in typical German home

tion and sheer technique in favor of a comprehensiveness giving due importance to man—total man, not economic man. Evident in Britain, the Netherlands, France, it is most outstanding in Germany, where the work of urban rebuilding and social planning in general is most intense and systematic.

Is there any European consciousness or feeling or way of thinking, over and above those of the various nations, taking shape? In certain respects, perhaps; in others not: the nationalisms are as yet more alive than the sentiment of European unity. Meanwhile, many highly civilized Europeans hold a conviction that seems to favor its development—that their nations have two powerful common enemies, Soviet Russia and the United States. Two “barbarisms,” from the point of view of these Europeans.

I observed this conviction in Englishmen and Scotchmen, in Frenchmen, in Germans, in Dutchmen, in Spaniards, even in Swiss and Danes. In all these countries there are, certainly, those who repudiate whatever is gross prejudice in this Yankeephobia. I heard not a few

Europeans express admiration for the United States, even—incredible as it may seem—for Coca-Cola. The social-services director of a large German factory told me that the problem of alcoholism among young people in the industrial areas of West Germany was diminishing thanks in large part to this Americanism—an Americanism that, no one knows why, is so much to the taste of the young in almost every country where it has been introduced.

There are also a certain number of intellectuals who recognize the present-day superiority in various aspects of post-graduate studies in U.S. universities. Some of them lament what they regard as the backwardness of European universities in some of the social studies—sociology, social anthropology, social psychology. At Cambridge I had the pleasure of seeing again my old acquaintance Professor Homans of Harvard, there to give a course in sociology—much to the satisfaction of Professor Meyer-Fortes, who is convinced of the need for a chair of sociology in this ancient university. And in the University of (West) Berlin, there is a trend, apparent also in the work of French sociologists such as Professor Friedman, toward combining European and U.S. methodology in the social sciences.

As for that part of America called “Latin,” in the eyes of almost every good European it is an out-of-focus image, an indistinct blur. They like the music: Brazilian confused with Cuban, Cuban with Mexican. So-called Mexican orchestras add an occasional note of Indo-Hispanic picturesqueness to sumptuous restaurants. In cultured circles there are those who admire Villa-Lobos, as there are those who have heard of modern Brazilian architecture and Mexican painting. In France, the writer Blaise Cendrars—whom I visited at his home in Paris, where I was magnificently received with champagne—never tires of extolling Brazilian cooking.

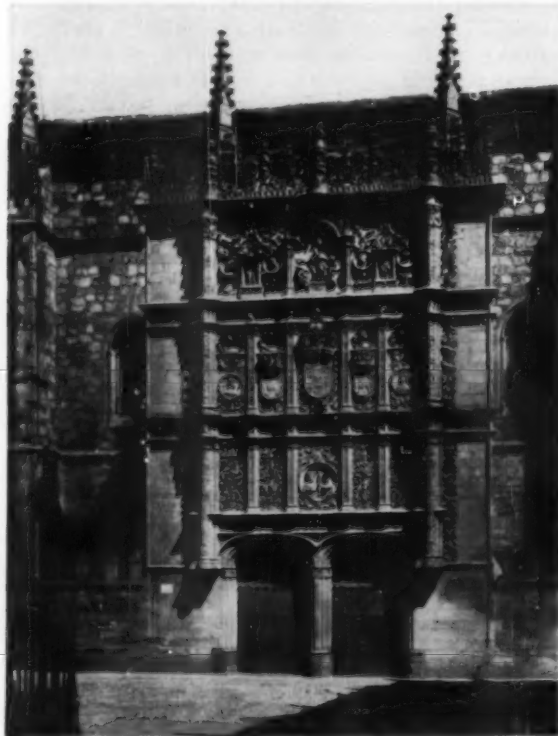
True, there are centers specializing in Latin American studies: to mention only those I visited, Canning House in London, the Institute of Latin America in Paris, the admirably organized Latin American Library (formerly the Ibero-American Institute) in Berlin, the Ibero-American Institute of the University of Hamburg, the Institute of Ibero-American Studies of the University of Utrecht, the Luso-Brazilian section of the University of Heidelberg, the Institute of Hispanic Culture in Madrid. But these centers are far from influential. Not one can compare with the first-rate Royal Institute of the Tropics in Amsterdam (which, unlike most non-specialized institutions, has begun to interest itself in Brazil). European attention is turned nowadays toward the Orient and Africa.

In large part the fault lies with Latin America itself, which, except possibly for Mexico, has no representatives in Europe charged with making its culture known. Despite this, some of the Latin American works that are being published in Paris by Gallimard, under the supervision of Roger Caillois, have had an extremely favorable press and have gone through several printings, solely on the basis of literary merit. These, of course, are something no government or patriotic propa-

ganda, could invent. But I cannot see why the Latin American countries, through their diplomatic representatives, do not undertake a strong joint effort to publicize aspects of their culture capable of attracting the curiosity or interest of Europeans—Brazilian architecture, for example. After all, it is rare to find in Europe a modern building—such as the Theater in Muenster or Festival Hall in London—before which an American can stand in wonder at splendid new solutions to the problems of construction, ventilation, lighting, decoration, and acoustics.

I was also in Spain, lecturing at universities and meeting students and professors. (This was a good preparation for my later meeting in France, at the Chateau de Cerisy, with leading Sorbonne professors such as Georges Gurvitch to discuss my work and ideas, some of which have been published in France.) The students of Our Lady of Guadalupe College of the University of Madrid invited me to give a lecture, but agreed to a question-and-answer session instead. The subject was political and other forms of democracy; my language was what the Brazilian writer Tristão de Ataíde calls "frontier Spanish"—in which, if I do say so myself, I am quite fluent, able not only to recite Ruben Dario but to curse with some vivacity. I began to study it with my Peruvian, Chilean, and Mexican colleagues at a university in the United States and have been, shall I say, perfecting it ever since.

A week later, at the University of the Escorial, which



University of Salamanca, Spain, welcomed author. There he visited quarters (now museum) of Unamuno, once Rector

was founded by Queen María Cristina and is run by the Augustinian Fathers, I gave a long lecture in Portuguese. I took the precaution of asking every fifteen minutes how well they were following me in a language that Spaniards have assured me is easy enough to understand when spoken by a Brazilian but more difficult than Italian or even French when spoken by a Portuguese, however well educated. According to the Spaniards, this is because the Portuguese speak too fast, the Brazilians slowly to the point of sounding didactic. In my lecture at the University of the Escorial I perhaps exaggerated this slowness, and from the beginning an audience first-class in both size and quality gave me its full attention. So much so that when I argued that Brazil is the most Hispanic nation in America—because it was settled both by Portugal and by Spain, and because, carrying on this doubly Hispanic tradition, it imports more Spanish-language books than any other American country—I received immediate and lively applause: the applause of an audience that is accompanying the lecturer through all the nuances of a subtle argument on a new subject. I thus learned from experience that a Brazilian lecturing in a Spanish university need not feel he is speaking a dead language.

In Salamanca my wife and I were received by the Rector, Antonio Tovar, a disciple and follower of Unamuno. With him, I saw my old friend Salamanca all over again. At the Rector's magic word, another Salamanca opened its doors to me, one that few outsiders know so intimately as we now know it. Professor Tovar showed us everything, explained everything. After we had visited the two cathedrals, the old patios, the old classrooms (including the historic one used by Fray Luis de León), after we had admired all the old portraits of great scholars of the past, after we had touched lovingly some of the rarest of the ancient books in the University library, I asked Professor Tovar about the "salamancas" of Salamanca. He smiled and explained: "In Spain the word *salamanca* has lost the meaning of 'witches' cave' or 'den of sorcery' that it still has in Spanish America and Brazil. But you shall see a *salamanca* all the same." And he took us to the hidden, almost unknown place identified by tradition as a retreat of sorcerers.

But that was not all. He took us also to the old Rector's quarters, now occupied by the Unamuno Museum. This is a splendidly alive museum: Unamuno's home as the great humanist kept it during his days as Rector of Salamanca. With the same furniture, the same photographs, the same papers, the same pictures. With the original manuscripts of some of his most famous works. With the books in which he made the annotations of genius. With the old armchair from which he contemplated the street, the town, the other university buildings. An independent man, caustic in his pride, contemptuous of the powerful of his day—that was Unamuno, and thus he is honored, with the best of all possible tributes the living can pay the dead: the preservation of the atmosphere in which he spent his most fruitful days as scholar and thinker. ♦ ♦ ♦



Baris gedé, stately Balinese war dance. Covarrubias' months of painting and studying island produced classic book, *Island of Bali*, that established his reputation as an anthropologist



Photograph of Miguel Covarrubias (1904-1957) by Gjon Mili Copyright 1946 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

COVARRUBIAS

JOSÉ GÓMEZ-SICRE

MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS' death in February marked the close of an era for caricature and illustration in Latin America.

Covarrubias, born in Mexico City in 1904, achieved his fame in the 1920's as a result of the publicity given the Mexican mural-painting movement at that time. Covarrubias stylized and simplified the subject matter of Mexican painting and made it digestible for the majority of the public. Possessing a real sense of decoration, in his pleasant style he created typical characters that took over the pages of numerous illustrated magazines and implanted the Mexican theme in a lesser vein, perhaps more attractive at first sight than that employed by the painters among his compatriots, and not without refinement.

In caricature, Covarrubias followed the same tendency as in his illustrations. He abominated the cruel carica-

ture, the sarcastic commentary, the deep and penetrating line of the Mexican tradition that began with the illustrator José Guadalupe Posada, acquired stature in the work of the muralist José Clemente Orozco, and today finds a legitimate successor in the draftsman José Luis Cuevas. A few years ago Covarrubias expressed his views on caricature in general. "I don't think," he said, "that it has to be deformation or ridiculous exaggeration of the subject's facial defects to be caricature. That is the easiest and commonest technique, and is within reach of the simplest minds." With this idea dominating his humorous work, Covarrubias treated the people he caricatured charitably and elegantly rather than profoundly and penetratingly. He ably synthesized their features, picturing them instead of presenting a conception or an analysis.

In painting, he could not overcome the limitations caricature and illustration imposed; his reputation, therefore, was based on his work in those two fields. From 1923 on, when *Vanity Fair* gave him its accolade

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"Impossible Interview" between Freud and movie queen Jean Harlow, one of series Covarrubias wrote and drew for magazine Vanity Fair, ends as Harlow says: "We can never be more than just good Freuds"



The Rice Granary. Covarrubias' paintings of beautiful Balinese women helped to make them symbol of elegance



Huge stone head at La Venta ruins, Isthmus of Tehuantepec, Mexico. Covarrubias called La Venta art "unique . . . noble and sensual" Copyright 1946 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

8 Covarrubias redrawing of central motif of Sioux or Arapaho painted elkskin, from The Eagle, the Jaguar, and the Serpent, in which he attempted a hypothesis of history of all Hemisphere Indian art

Copyright 1954 by Miguel Covarrubias



Illustration for Vanity Fair story about British hunter in Africa





Tehuantepec girls carrying flowers to the patron saint. Covarrubias was fascinated by "violent contrasts" of Isthmus
 Copyright 1946 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

in the United States, Covarrubias produced a version of Mexico that was soon popularly accepted. He did more to advertise the picturesque features of his country than any other Mexican artist. Soon everyone knew his caricatures, his Tehuantepec women, and his dancers, and every publication had to have them, even calendars that had to do with Mexico or, as often happened, with the rest of Latin America. Because of the exotic touch he gave to Mexican themes, little by little he received commissions to deal with other things. In 1935 came his book on the island of Bali; in 1939 his famous murals for the Golden Gate International Exposition in San Francisco, now in the American Museum of Natural History in New York. *Life* commissioned him to do a four-page color spread on the original 1944 production of *Carmen Jones*.

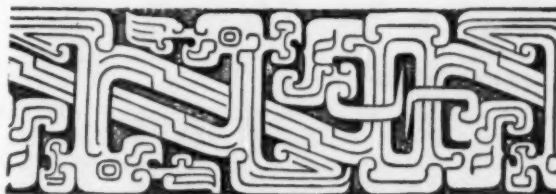
As a result of his journeys through Asia, Africa, and the islands of the Pacific, the artist in Covarrubias yielded to other interests. Bit by bit he began to give his excursions a scientific touch, and he became an ethnographic specialist on certain cultural areas of Oceania. He helped American museums in their search for and arrangement of materials. Later he took up archaeology as well and made important excavations in his own country.

Fifteen years ago I met him at his old mansion in the outskirts of Mexico City. He modestly refrained from showing me his own work. Instead, I had the opportunity to admire in detail his collection of pre-

Hispanic pieces—particularly the large stone figures, found on the central plateau—which he had scattered about the garden; a wide variety of Mexican popular paintings; and early works of Rufino Tamayo. Robust and smiling, Covarrubias conversed with agility about his experiences around the world and took special delight in displaying the works of others.

His wide knowledge of folklore led him to the post of chief of the dance department of the National Institute of Fine Arts in Mexico City some years ago, and he began to give less and less time to caricature and illustration. He arranged exchanges of important works of distant cultures between museums in Mexico and in other countries. He devoted himself to scientific and methodical study. Thus a period of friendly, smiling, kindly, and elegant caricature and illustration gradually drew to a close, to end definitively with his death.

♦ ♦ ♦



Chinese motif closely resembles Mexican designs. Such similarities turned Covarrubias to belief in "subversive" theories of pre-Columbian contacts between Asia and America
 Copyright 1954 by Miguel Covarrubias



ANALIDA I

queen of coffee

GEORGE C. COMPTON

MANIZALES was never like this. A sudden influx of visitors doubled the Colombian coffee capital's population of 88,893. The newcomers settled for almost any reasonably flat surface to sleep on after the exhilarating—and exhausting—activities of each of the nine days of its 1957 fair. During the daylight hours—and a good part of the night—they shuttled en masse, with no

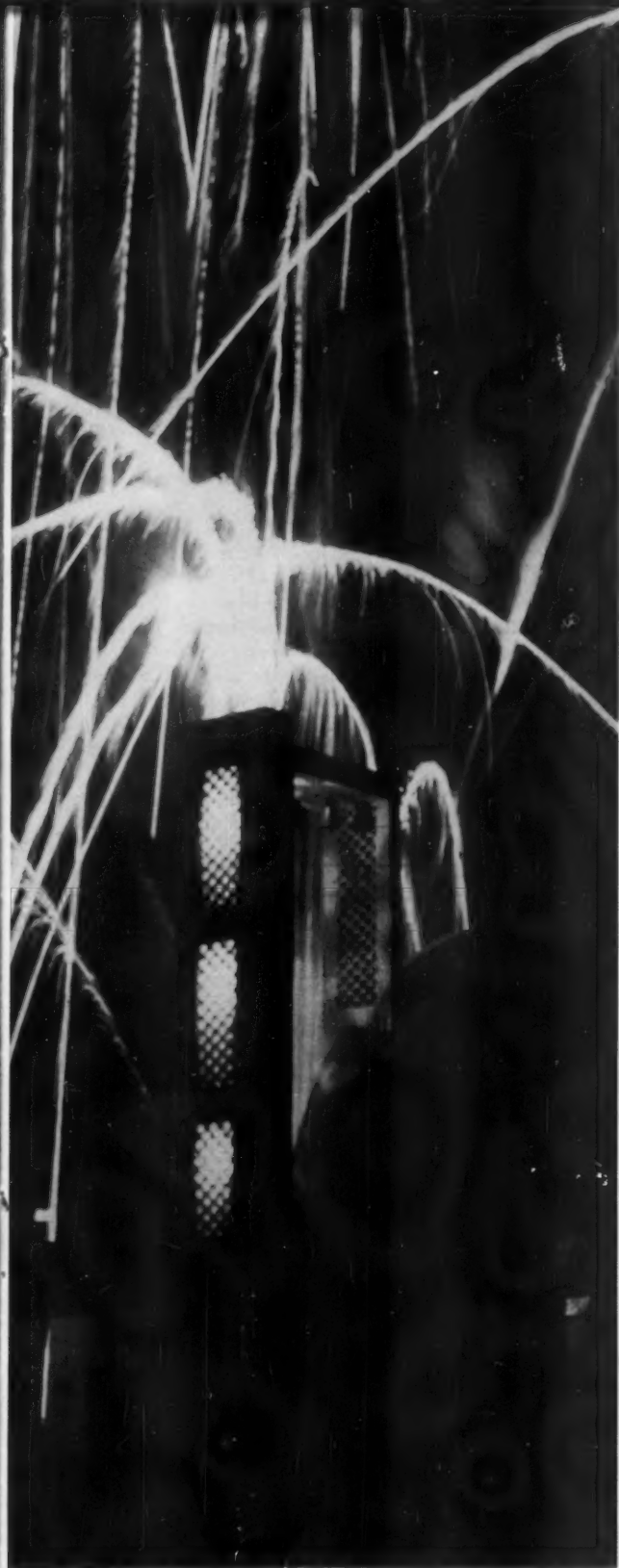
apparent sign of fatigue, from the Fernando Londoño Stadium to the ski slopes of Mt. Ruiz an hour's drive away, to Lake Aranguito, and back to the coliseum.

The program had everything: bullfights and genuine Texas-style rodeos in the stadium, puppet shows, cock-fights, dances, a national folklore competition in the coliseum, fireworks the like of which had never illumined these mountains before, including a spectacular concoction by the Casa Caballer of Valencia, Spain. The Japanese colony of the Cauca Valley presented a typical "Night in Japan." "An Afternoon in Seville" captivated the crowd. One pure-blood Sevillian visitor declared that they were working hard in Spain so that the Spring Fair in his home town might resemble the Manizales production in another ten years.

To cap the excitement in this usually austere city perched on its mountain saddle seven thousand feet high, the distinguished Ambassador from Spain to Colombia, Dr. Germán Baisbar; Leif Ohrwall, Minister Plenipotentiary and Special Envoy of Sweden; and Wilfrid V. McCullough, Canadian Chargé d'Affaires, were entrusted with the ultra-diplomatic and personally delectable task of choosing a Queen of Coffee from among fifteen pulchritudinous representatives of the American nations that produce the comforting bean.

Their unanimous choice was lovely, eighteen-year-old Analida Alfaro of Panama. When the news reached the inner sanctum of the industry's big promotion agency in New York, the Pan American Coffee Bureau, rumbles of surprise and momentary dismay were heard. It had never occurred to them that the prize might go to the





Fantastic fireworks displays delighted crowd at Manizales Fair

representative of a country that grows barely enough coffee for its own use—but the best in the world, in the Boquete district of Chiriquí Province, Panamanians will assure you—over the standard bearers of nations like Brazil, the world's biggest producer; the host country, leader in the "mild" varieties that go into the best blends; or El Salvador, which derives 85 per cent of its foreign exchange from coffee sales. They had apparently forgotten that in democracies queens are selected on the basis of beauty and charm, not commercial or political considerations. But the judges had not forgotten, and the roars of the crowd in Manizales left no doubt that they had rendered a popular verdict.

Manuel Mejía, General Manager of the National Federation of Coffee Growers, crowned the queen. Dr. Antonio Alvarez Restrepo, a former Minister of Finance and ex-director of the local paper *La Patria*, made it official and thoroughly Colombian by delivering an eloquent oration that neglected none of the virtues of Simón Bolívar's ideals of Hemisphere union or of any of the charming candidates for royalty.

Export and yield-per-acre data are all very well, but Miss Alfaro had some interesting statistics of her own to display: 124 pounds sveltely distributed over five feet and seven inches. (After the festivities, she admitted she hadn't stepped on a scale for days, knowing the terrific pace had slimmed her down more.)

Colombians needn't have felt too badly about it all anyway, for Análida's father Antonio, an engineer, hails from Cartagena. At home in Panama, Análida devotes

Below: Candidates for coffee royalty ride floats in parade through streets of Colombian coffee capital





Only one hour's drive away from the heart of the coffee-producing zone, visitors to the fair enjoy skiing at Mt. Ruiz

herself to art and flower arrangements and embroiders her own dresses (she herself trimmed the one she wore at the coronation, a white lace gown adorned with pearls). She swims in the family pool and plays volley ball enthusiastically. She is crazy about all kinds of pies, cakes, and candy, but you'd never know it by looking at her. She graduated from a commercial course in Panama and went on to study at Marymount College in Tarrytown, New York.

Coffee queens at Manizales airport: left to right, Magda Mejía Guzmán of the Dominican Republic, Irma de la Rosa of Venezuela, Benta Cléia Honan of Brazil, Martha de la Espriella of Costa Rica, winner Análida Alfaro of Panama, Mercedes Espinosa of Mexico, Sonia Magaña of El Salvador, Lila Bendaña of Nicaragua



Returning to her isthmian home from Manizales, Análida scarcely caught her breath before she was swept up in a new round of fiestas as queen of the local pre-Lenten Carnival. She will spend Pan American Week, April 7-14, in the United States as guest of the Pan American Coffee Bureau, with a reception on the official Coffee Day, April 9, at the Pan American Union.

The Coffee Bureau, established in 1937 by the Latin American producing countries to educate the U.S. public to drink more coffee, naturally takes the business seriously. Imports of the bean from Latin America to the United States alone last year were worth \$1,300,000,000, and in 1955 this one product accounted for 59 per cent of the value of all exports from Brazil, 83 per cent of Colombia's, 76 per cent of Guatemala's, 66 per cent of Haiti's, 47 per cent of Costa Rica's, 46 per cent of Nicaragua's, 26 per cent of Ecuador's, and 13 per cent of Mexico's. The Bureau distributes literature on inter-American relations and the history of coffee to school children and booklets on brewing the beverage to housewives. It also runs an economic and market research service to help growers and distributors. So it feels it can claim a good deal of the credit for the rise in U.S. consumption from an average level of thirteen million bags (of 132 pounds each) a year in the decade before World War II to twenty million today. Certainly the Bureau deserves universal appreciation for its efforts in promoting the coffee (or milk, or tea) break, an institution enjoyed daily by nearly 75 per cent of all workers in the United States and Canada.

How about a cup right now? With Análida, of course.

◆ ◆ ◆

a word with THE MAYOR OF SAN JUAN

IT IS NOT SURPRISING that Felisa Rincón de Gautier has had a good press. The spirited Mayor of San Juan, Puerto Rico, fills all the requirements for interesting newspaper copy. She has a newsworthy job, a man's job, which she fills in a womanly way. She is photogenic, affecting fussy hats or a flower in her handsome gray hair, which is wound in a thick braid like a halo about her head. She is an astute politician ("We Puerto Rican women are careful not to antagonize men," she told the Women's National Press Club in Washington, D. C. "We feel an obligation to our husbands to remember that we are, above all, women."). She is dynamic and tenacious, with an engaging simplicity of manner and a sympathetic approach—"Doña Felisa's the sort of person you go to when you're in trouble," someone has said of her. Finally, when you ask her a question, she answers it.

I asked her, on the eve of her departure on a lecture tour through Peru, Chile, Paraguay, Argentina, Uruguay, and Brazil, whether she found people outside the island knowledgeable about Puerto Rico. "It's terrible, the ignorance you run into," she replied, in her direct way. "Many people in the United States don't even know we're U.S. citizens. But it's worse in Latin America, even among the intellectuals, who are supposed to know better. I remember a professor who came up to me after a speech I made about the relationship between the United States and Puerto Rico. 'Doña Felisa,' he told me, 'we felt very sorry for you when we first met you because we thought you were being ground under the heel of the United States. It came as a real surprise to us that Puerto Ricans are not discontented with their Commonwealth status. We didn't know you had a free voice in your own affairs.'

"It's the same when other Latin Americans come to Puerto Rico," Mrs. Gautier went on in her low-pitched voice. "They always go away liking the United States better.

"So many people think of us only in terms of attempted assassinations in Washington or rampant discrimination in New York," she said. "Such gossip has done Puerto Rico a lot of harm. Years ago, when I was running a dress shop on the island, I was in New York waiting at Sixty-second and Broadway for a buyer. It was cold, so I stepped inside the nearest store. The gentleman who ran it struck up a conversation. 'Are you French?' he asked. 'No, Puerto Rican,' I told him. 'Oh, don't tell people that,' he said. 'The Puerto Ricans have a terrible reputation here in New York.' What these people don't realize is that out of 700,000 Puerto Ricans in New York 650,000 have been quickly and quietly assimilated."

Mrs. Gautier laughed. "It's curious, you know. The United States is one of the best advertisers in the world,



Felisa Rincón de Gautier, honored often for distinguished service to Hemisphere, has been named "Woman of the Americas," as have Eleanor Roosevelt, Gabriela Mistral, and Carrie Chapman Catt

but it hasn't done much to advertise Puerto Rico, and the island is something it can be proud of. I have so much to do at home, but when the State Department invited me to make this lecture tour through Latin America, I felt I must go at all costs to try to dispel the misunderstanding about us among people in other countries.

"I believe people in the United States are beginning to care about what the gossips are saying. At least, you find more in the papers these days about our economic progress and less about the Puerto Rican 'problem.'"

The San Juan mayor is the wife of Genaro Gautier, a lawyer. She has been city manager and mayor continuously since 1946, was recently sworn in for her fourth term (after declining the nomination in 1940 and 1944, she accepted the post two years later to fill out the term of a mayor who had resigned; she was subsequently re-elected in 1948, 1952, and again last November). She is one of four women on the island who currently hold the highest municipal office. Two years ago, at a conference of 1,200 Latin American mayors in Rome, she was the only woman.

As housekeeper for a city of almost half a million, Mrs. Gautier has tidied up the streets, wiped out slums ("San Juan slums must go by 1957"), built hospitals and housing developments. Public health, child welfare, and labor always concern her (she has been known to talk people out of strikes). One of her many innovations is an open house held every Wednesday in her office to hear the complaints and pleas of local citizens.

The Mayor's determination causes her male associates to shrug their shoulders when her name is mentioned. "That Felisa," they will exclaim, though not without affection.

When it comes to sizing up achievements, Mrs. Gautier doesn't like to separate the sexes. "We don't put it in terms of women and men," she says. "Everyone works together."—K.W.

the desolate land

Tierra del Fuego specializes in sheep and wide open spaces

JULIO C. SILVA

MANY OF THE schoolbooks describe Tierra del Fuego simply as "the biggest sheep ranch in the world," as if that were all there was to it. Its very immensity and desolation—27,476 square miles occupied by ten thousand people—make the archipelago seem uniformly monotonous. But within that uniformity and monotony lies a wild and inhospitable landscape with which not even the wastes of Alaska or Siberia can compare.

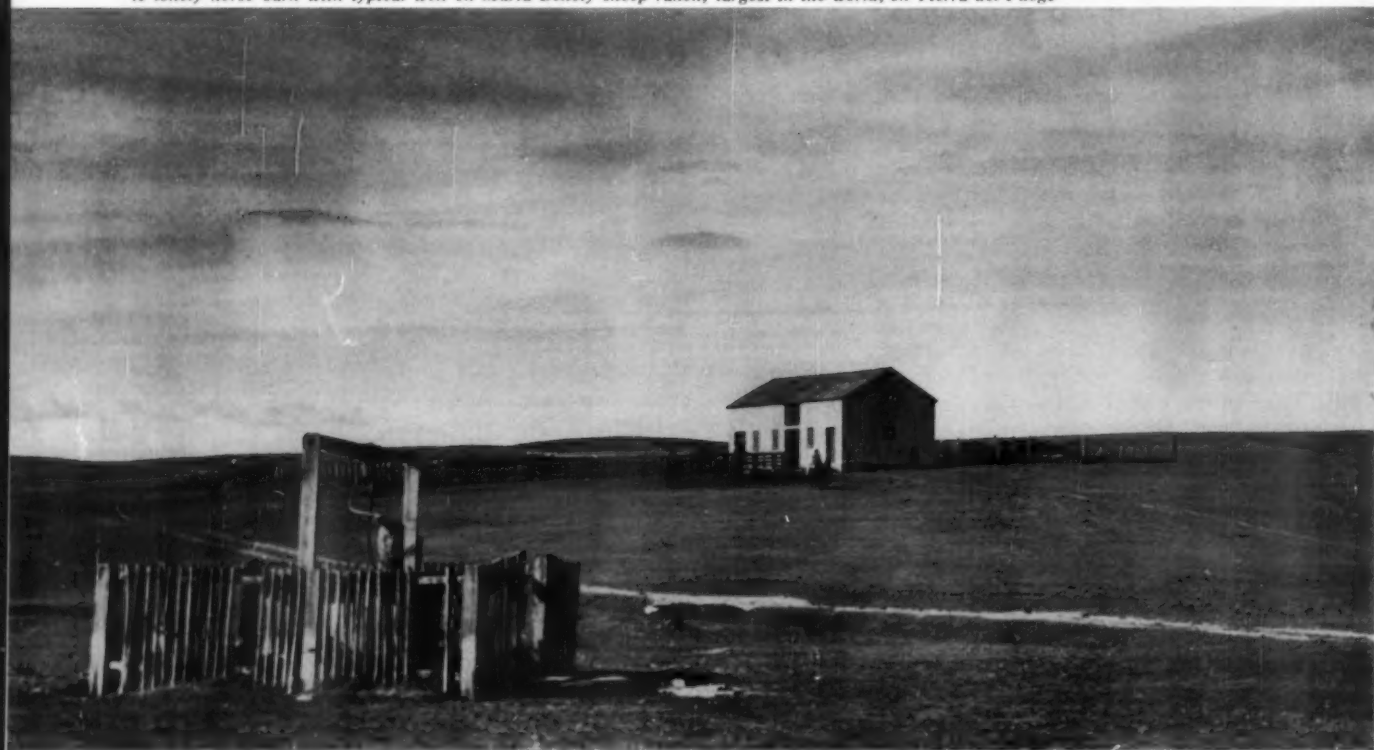
In fraternal fashion, the territory is divided between Argentina and Chile. It is made up of six islands. The largest, Isla Grande or Tierra del Fuego proper, is an extension of Patagonia and of the Andean ridge, whose eternally snow-covered peaks, here as all along the line,

JULIO C. SILVA of the PAU press section also serves as an occasional Washington correspondent for the newspapers *Ultimas Noticias* and *El Mercurio* and the magazine *Zig-Zag* in Santiago, Chile. The son of a newspaper editor in northern Chile, he studied journalism at Syracuse University. He visited Tierra del Fuego on a training voyage during a three-year hitch in the Chilean Navy.

mark the boundary between the two countries. The border runs from Cape Espiritu Santo on the Strait of Magellan to the Beagle Channel in the south. The lesser islands are labeled with an evocative mixture of names of various nationalities, chiefly English. On the Chilean side there are Navarino, Hoste Island, Clarence Island, and Santa Inés. On the Argentine side, in addition to its section of the main island, once called King Charles South Land, is Staten Island, a fact that might raise some eyebrows around New York.

What I remember best from a quick visit to this remote region a few years ago is the look of its strange rocks, seemingly torn from a lunar landscape, combined with bare mountains, with torrential streams that suddenly dropped from sight in mysterious clefts, and the dark-gray, almost black, spattering of long-suffering coigue trees (*Notafogus enanus*). With branches twisted and tortured by wind and snow, they are the only arboreal vegetation.

A lonely horse barn with typical well on Maria Behety sheep ranch, largest in the world, on Tierra del Fuego





World's largest shearing shed also belongs to María Behety ranch. Resident manager (right) came from Scotland in 1912

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
RICHARD HARRINGTON



When Charles Darwin visited the zone, he noted that it was an immense territory (one sixth of the area of Chile) whipped by hurricanes and storms, a desolate land inhabited by cannibals and wild beasts, where the most horrible tragedies took place on land and sea. Life there was impossible for civilized beings. The English scholar emphatically declared that the plains were worthless. He called them "Cursed Lands" and said even the waters seemed to carry their curse. (See "Chilean Mystery," page 35.)

For a long time no country, not even Chile, wanted to assume the responsibility of officially taking possession of the torturous Tierra del Fuego. The Alacalufs, Onas, and Yaghans, the fierce nomadic Indian tribes who lived there, continued to light the fires that had given the territory its name when Magellan's sailors sighted them in 1520.

Finally, in 1843, after four months of difficult navigation, the Chilean schooner *Ancud*, under Captain Juan Williams, arrived at Puerto de Hambre (named Port Famine by shipwrecked mariners). After destroying documents left by some Englishmen who had tried to take possession of the area at the beginning of the nineteenth century, Williams ordered the Chilean flag raised, to the accompaniment of the appropriate salvos. The next morning, September 24, a French frigate under



Evergreen oaks are shaped by buffeting of prevailing winds

Porvenir, in Chilean Tierra del Fuego, is largest town on island's west coast, with population of about 1,200



Military policeman at Ushuaia, Argentine naval base



Picturesque little cabaret is one of two at Porvenir



Waterfront at Ushuaia. Many wrecks have occurred in rough Beagle Channel here



Naval officers' quarters in Rio Grande on Argentine side

Snow-capped Andes overlook galvanized-iron houses of Ushuaia





Bullocks are still used to haul heavy loads in high-wheeled carts on modern ranch

Captain Maissin anchored at the same place and raised the tricolor, amid its own salvos. Likewise acting on orders of his government, the Frenchman had also come to take possession of Tierra del Fuego. Williams immediately protested the affront to Chilean sovereignty. The Frenchman, taking pride in his diplomacy, retired after announcing that he would report what had happened to his government.

To strengthen Chilean ties with this distant possession, President Francisco Bulnes ordered a penal colony, now



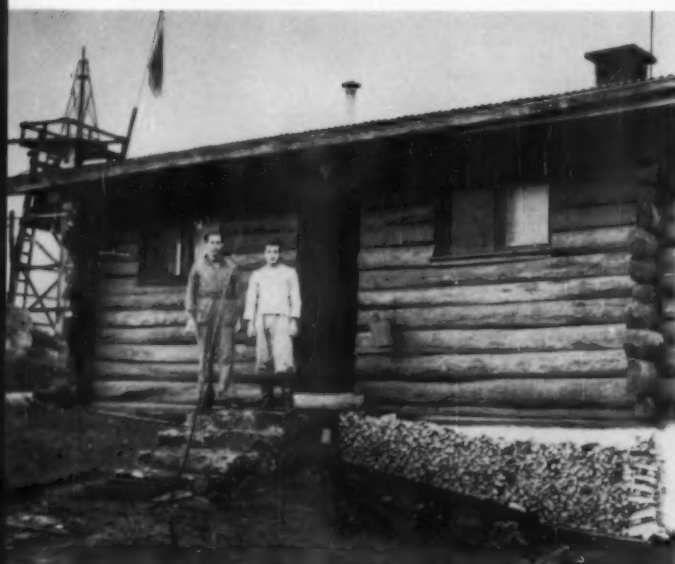
Islands around Tierra del Fuego abound in penguins. This variety makes braying sound, is called "jackass"



At the Argentine-Chilean border on Beagle Channel, a small police outpost keeps track of passing ships

defunct, founded near the present site of Punta Arenas. Years later, in 1884, the Argentine Government did the same thing in its part of the territory, at Ushuaia. By a strange coincidence, halfway around the world something similar was taking place. New Zealand and Australia, which also became some of the "biggest sheep ranches in the world," were populated with criminals from London jails.

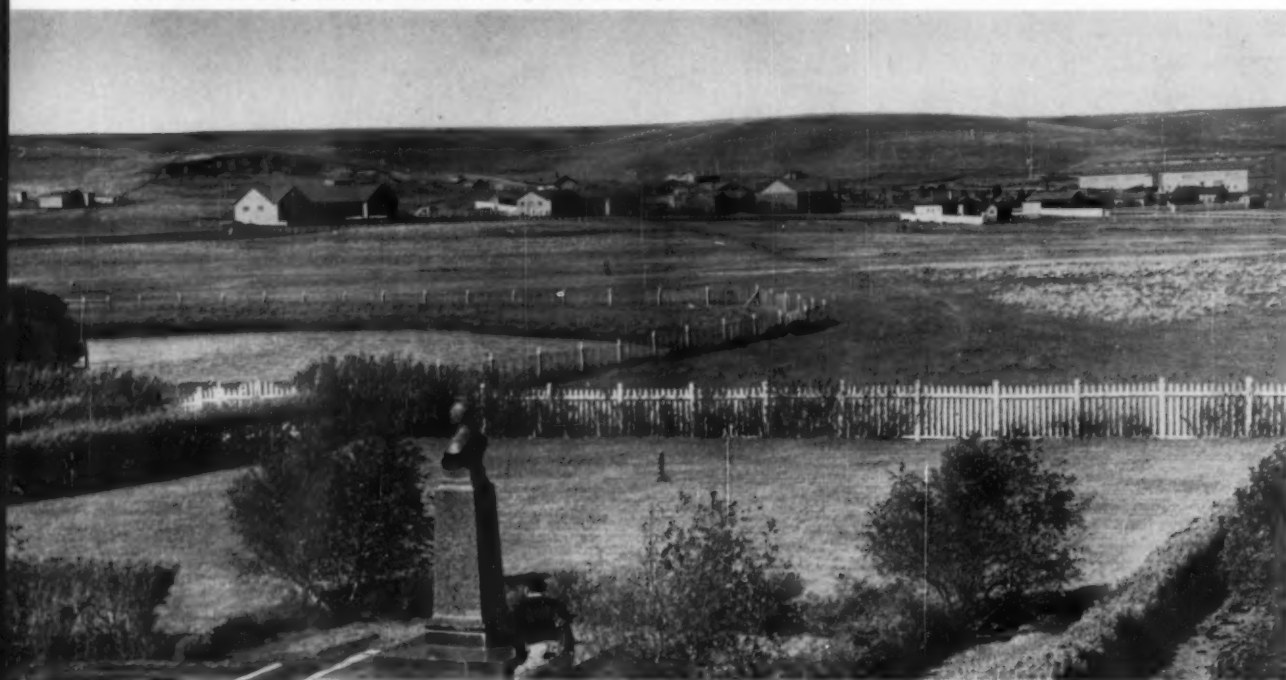
In 1857 there were thirty-four sheep on Tierra del



Policemen at Beagle Channel outpost, assigned for two months, welcome passing sailors with hot coffee and home-made bread

Fuego and the adjoining section of Chilean Patagonia. Today there are more than seven million (one for each Chilean), producing more than twenty-one thousand tons of wool a year, of which about eighteen thousand tons are exported. Argentina exports 130,000 tons, including what it grows on the mainland. The figures are eloquent proof of the value of these wastelands to the two nations.

Here and there, impression of endlessness is offset by landscaped area around ranch house



In addition to this wealth of wool, oil has been discovered in recent years in the Chilean spot known as Springhill, which now has many wells. There is also petroleum across the Strait, near Punta Arenas, a town of forty-five thousand that is the world's southernmost city.

At first, the colonization of this area was a sort of Klondike gold rush. But Tierra del Fuego was much less accessible and offered far less gold. Some of the adventurers of various nationalities drawn there turned to sheep raising—because they had no alternative, as the historians slyly observe. The struggle for existence continued to be fierce. The Ministry of Agriculture estimated that 75 per cent of the first colonists (from 1850 to 1900) failed. The process of natural selection was implacable.

Like a coin, this remote "ranch" presents two faces. One wooded, cool, and mountainous, lying west of the seventy-second meridian; the other, to the east, flat, impermeable, and with the only vegetation a sparse growth of dry yellow grass. The land is still poor, for the soil lacks phosphates and lime. Continuous drenchings have washed away whatever fertilizing elements it may have had.

The hostility of the environment has given Tierra del Fuego sheep a special resistance to intense cold and poor forage. Their wool is of top quality. More than one local politician has attributed to the human inhabitants of the zone the virtues of its sheep: vigor, an instinct for finding food under difficult conditions, and particularly the courage to face the contingencies of life in the farthest corner of the world. ♦ ♦ ♦



a short story by **HUGH B. CAVE***

ROSANIE JOSEPH had walked all day, bearing on her head a load that many a woman half her age could not have lifted from the ground. Exactly what age that might be she could only guess. In the Haitian mountain village where she had been born, and where she had lived all her life, the recording of births and deaths was a perfunctory thing at best.

She was sixty at least, and tonight, tired and cold, she felt every year of the total. The footpath from her isolated village to the head of the paved road at Kenscoff, itself five thousand feet above the crowded roofs of the capital, was never easy. After yesterday's hard rain the red earth between the boulders had been slippery as grease.

Somewhere along the way she had bruised her left foot—not the bottom, for that was tough as leather, but the bone of the ankle. Now the ankle was full of dull pain and the leg above it was swollen almost to the hem of her feed-bag dress.

She was cold because the mountain air found its way through the dress and chilled the sweat on her body, which relied solely on the dress for warmth. She was tired because she had said goodbye to her husband and three sons before dawn, and now darkness shrouded the road. But she had arrived at last in Kenscoff, and the

rest of the way was downhill and would be easier. With a grunt of satisfaction she halted by the village spring and eased her basket to the ground.

First she washed herself, lifting the dress waist high and holding her strong black legs under the cold flow from the spout, then cupping her long-fingered hands and splashing the water over her face and neck. *Yo dit nou sal: they say we are dirty*, she thought, her mind on Port-au-Prince, where because of a stupid law she would have to squeeze her aching feet into the shoes now tied to her waist. *But would they always smell so sweet themselves if they had to walk half a day for a calebasse of water?*

Emptying her basket on the ground, she washed the vegetables with even more care than she had washed herself, and then neatly repacked them. It would make only a small difference in the price when she sold them at dawn in the market, but with five in the family to clothe and feed, even a small difference was something to think about.

Besides, a basketful of beets, leeks, carrots, and cabbages was no small thing. How many hours of toil in the hot sun it represented for her husband and sons she had never stopped to count; but many, oh, very many! Not to mention the cost of having neighbors come to a *coubète*, to assist in the drudgery of preparing the ground at planting time.

The basket repacked, she sat on the ground and with cold fingers lifted a homemade pipe from a pocket of her dress which contained also a small *ouanga* to keep her safe on the lonely road at night and a few *centimes*

* Copyright 1957 by Hugh B. Cave. This is a chapter from Mr. Cave's new novel *Drums of Revolt*, to be published in London by Robert Hale this spring. The illustrations are from the collection "Prints by Haitian Primitives" in the PAU exhibit loan service. The artists represented are Denis Vergin, André Lafontant, Dieu-donné Cédor, and Rigaud Benoit.

to buy bread-rolls at the little *boutiques* along the way. She filled the pipe with coarse tobacco and lit it with a paper match from a folder on which were printed the words "La Belle Créole."

La Belle Créole was a store in the city, one of the biggest, with windows full of handsome but impractical clothing, and things for tourists. She had never been inside it. Would they put her out if she tried to enter? she wondered. Or would they ask to see her money?

Carefully she returned the match-book to her pocket, remembering the pride with which her eldest son, Dieudonné, had given it to her. He had obtained it, she supposed, at a voodoo service in Furcy, perhaps from Mama Célestine herself. Célestine went often to Port-au-Prince, and Dieudonné was a protégé of hers. Under her guidance he had already passed the test of fire and become *hounsi kanzo*. One day he would be a *houngan*.

If prices are good in the market tomorrow, I'll buy him a shirt, she thought, feeling better as the strong tobacco drove the chill from her chest. Dieudonné was a good boy. A mother could ask no better.

Another basket thumped to the earth beside her own and she looked up to see a girl of about twenty standing over it, brazenly stripping a dress of printed cotton



The Family, by André Lafontant

from her firm young body. "Bon soir, *commère*. Brr-r, but it is cold tonight, no? What we should have is some *clairin* and a man to keep us warm!"

"*Clairin*, yes." Rosanie Joseph chuckled. "Even a grandmother can enjoy a sip of rum. The man you can have all to yourself, *ma petite*."

The girl cupped water in her hands and washed her breasts and thighs, splashed it over her shoulders, and let it trickle down her strong young back. "You are sleeping here?" she asked.

"Not I. Only resting."

"And when you are rested?"



Going to Market, by Dieudonné Cédor

"I go on to Port-au-Prince."

Shivering, the girl plucked her dress from the ground and dropped it over her head. "Are you not afraid?" she asked when her face emerged again.

Rosanie shrugged. "My son serves the *loa* with Mama Célestine. I have a *ouanga* made by Célestine herself."

"A good thing. Still, they say it is not evil spirits that prowl the roads, but hirelings of the politicians."

"Politicians?"

"Always there are those with ambition who will go to any lengths to effect a change at the Palais National, *commère*. It costs very little to have a few of us murdered on our way to market with the food the city must have to survive. Then in fear of our lives we stay at home, the price of food in the city goes up and up, and the angry city people look toward the palace, blaming the President for their hunger."

"You speak truth; I know it." Rosanie Joseph smiled sadly. "Still, I am too old to interest these human werewolves. Men of that sort seek more reward than money for the work they do. You now—"

The girl seated herself, smoothed the ground behind her, stretched her arms and lay back. "Not me, *commère*, she said sleepily. "I stay here where it is safe. They work in pairs, those devils. Walk to Port-au-Prince if you want to, and may *le bon Dieu* keep you safe. I sell my vegetables in the market at Pétionville, which is easier on the feet."

Rosanie Joseph finished her pipe and stood up, aware that the brief rest had allowed her swollen leg to become stiff. In fact, she was stiff and sore all over. When she struggled to lift the laden basket to her head, the girl jumped up to help.

"That is a heavy load, *commère*," the girl scolded.

"The heavy ones are worth more."

"But only if you get them to market. Stay here. The capital is a long way."

Rosanie smiled and shook her head, murmured an answer to the girl's reluctant farewell, and went on down the road. There was nothing to fear, she told herself. The night was dark, to be sure, and the road long, but she was no stranger to the journey. As for werewolves, human or otherwise, she regarded such things with the healthy respect to which they were entitled, but certain duties had to be carried out, regardless. *Le bon Dieu* had watched over her for sixty years. The *loa* were not displeased with her, she was certain. She would be safe enough.

The road descended steeply, and presently the last of the silent houses on the outskirts of the village were behind her. It was very quiet. The only sound louder than the gentle sighing of the wind was the rhythmic slap of her own bare feet on the cool asphalt. Once she was certain she heard the thin, flutelike call of the musician bird, and she smiled. *L'oiseau musicien* was a good omen.

Passing the little church at the head of the mountain footpath used by the younger women as a short cut—a path she herself had not taken in years—she carefully made the sign of the cross. A little later a small white dog, wriggling through a poinsettia hedge at the side of the road, followed her for a short distance, sniffing at her heels.

Softly then, in a voice surprisingly clear and sweet for one so advanced in years, Rosanie Joseph began to sing. It was a simple song of a suspicious husband demanding to know why his wife went out at night. Rosanie substituted her own name for that of the woman in the chant.

Moon Above the Mountains, by Rigaud Benoit



Rosanie Oh! Pouki wap marché nan nuit, eh?
Rosanie Oh! Pouki wap marché nan nuit?

She chuckled. It was a big joke, and her husband would be the first to laugh at her innocent humor if he were here. *If the little boutique at La Boule is open, I will stop and drink a cola*, she thought. *Alcide would want me to do that.*

Beside the road a clump of bushes moved in the dark. Rosanie stopped and stood still as stone, watching it, her heart beating a little faster and the sweat on her body growing cool. But there was no second movement. It had been a rat, perhaps, or a dog. Breathing deeply, she went on again.



Street Scene, by Denis Vergin

The two men let her pass and then stepped out behind her. In the darkness they were scarcely visible, their dark clothing and darker skin blending with the night. From the hands of one dangled a coil of rope.

Like phantoms they overtook her, flowing over the road so swiftly and with so little sound that when she sensed their presence and would have turned with her heavy burden to face them, it was too late.

A blow toppled the basket from her head and sent it crashing to the asphalt, the beets and carrots and leeks and cabbages raining in all directions. The rope dropped about her shoulders and whipped tight against her throat, jerking her backward.

Only for an instant, as she lay gasping on her back in the road, did she see the hovering faces of her assailants. The men were strangers.

Why? she thought dazedly, as they dragged her from the road into the bushes from which they had sprung at her. *Dear God, why? What have I done?*

When the rope had finished its work, her executioners removed it, and one of them threw her body over his shoulder. "Gather up the basket and vegetables," he told his companion. "We were told to leave no sign of what was done." ♦ ♦ ♦

*Restored colonial church at Embú
just outside city*

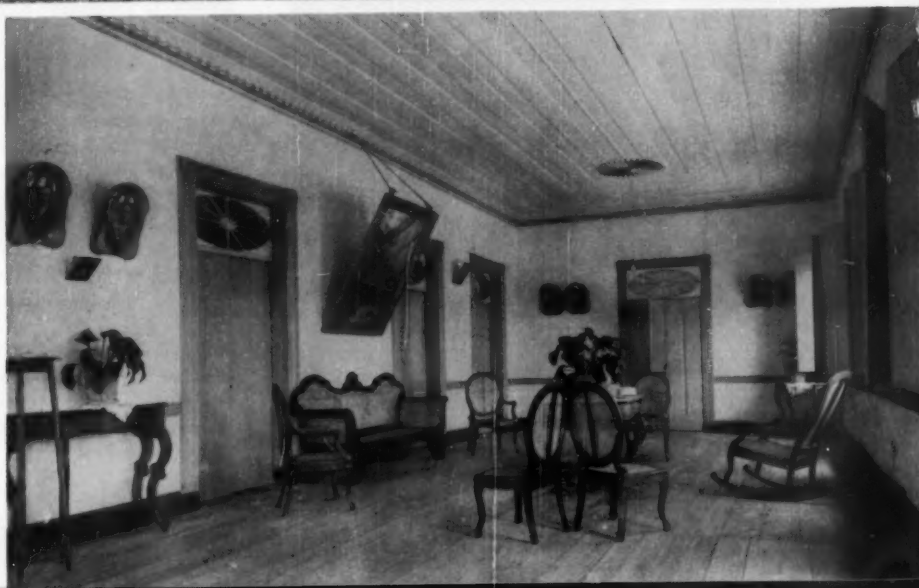


Old country chapel near São Paulo city has characteristic front porch, wooden grillwork

S ã O P A U L



*Typical seventeenth-century
country house on a sugar
plantation*



*Central living room
of old plantation houses
was cool, uncluttered*



Façade of Convent of Our Lady of Light, built in 1788



Baroque painted ceiling in the Convent of Our Lady of Light, attributed to Jorge José Pinto Vedras

O L A N D M A R K S

ROSA MARIA FRONTINI

SÃO PAULO is not all skyscrapers and factories. Here and there, architectural vestiges of days gone by have miraculously survived the avalanche of progress to lend flavor and character to the city and its environs. In the shape of an eave, the molding of a cornice, the excessive ornamentation of a building—or the lack of it—the keen-eyed observer can detect the town's history and trace the evolution in taste that has produced such outstanding examples of modern architecture.

The few churches and homes left from colonial days (saved, mostly, thanks to the National Service for the Preservation of Historic and Artistic Treasures) are plain indeed. For São Paulo started out poor. The first houses appeared near the little mud chapel in the Indian village where Fathers Manoel da Nóbrega and José de Anchieta founded a school for newly converted natives in 1554. The earliest artists, therefore, were priests—Jesuits, Franciscans, Benedictines, and Carmelites. Father Afonso Brás, a pioneer architect, worked also as a mason and carpenter. Those first hundred years were plagued by constant Indian attacks.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the cattle-raising, gold-mining, and trail-blazing *paulista* was practically a nomad exploring the frontier. For these reasons, São Paulo never attained, in colonial times, the artistic wealth of Bahia, Pernambuco, Rio de Janeiro, and Minas Gerais. But its art never lacked a sense of proportion and balance, and the Indian labor added a fresh and imaginative touch to the accepted European

models. Thus, as the architect Lúcio Costa has pointed out, speaking of São Paulo's retables and chapels, "they are not just crude copies but, on the contrary, genuine new creations. . . ."

The surviving seventeenth- and eighteenth-century houses strongly resemble each other—rectangular, with rammed-earth walls, a central living room, and a porch across the front. Most are found on the outskirts of town, on the old plantation sites where many of the well-to-do families settled.

Ornamental religious paintings first appeared in São Paulo in the early seventeen-hundreds. From the middle



Indian craftsmen embellished church decorations with local flora

ROSA MARIA FRONTINI for a long time edited the monthly bulletin of the São Paulo Art Museum in her home town. A frequent contributor to São Paulo newspapers and magazines on art subjects, she recently made a tour of U.S. museums under State Department sponsorship.

*Earthen image of
Our Lady of
Montserrat, by
Frei Agostinho
de Jesus*

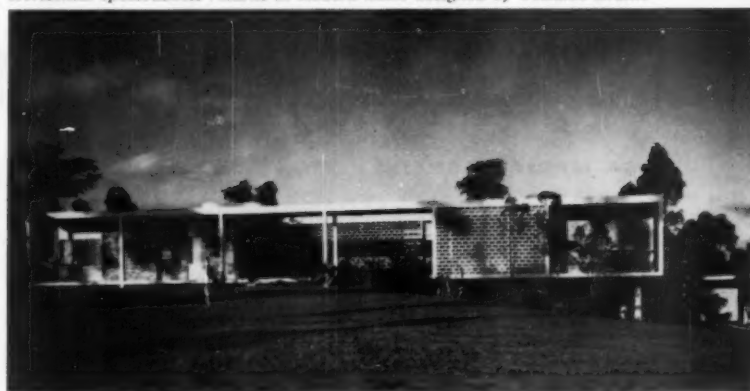


Painting on Carmelite Church ceiling, attributed to José Patrício da Silva Manso

Horizontal spaciousness returns in modern home designed by Oswaldo Bratke



Ramos de Azevedo built neo-classical Municipal Theater



Palace of Industries is typical of architectural eclecticism of early 1900's, which produced "gingerbread"

to the end of the eighteenth century most painters in Brazil were decorating church ceilings in the European baroque manner, trying to give the illusion that one was looking straight into heaven's glory. São Paulo also went through this phase, and the best examples are to be found in the Church of the Third Order of St. Francis (first built in 1676, then demolished and later rebuilt in 1783), the Church of the Third Order of the Carmelites (1775), and the choir of the Convent of Our Lady of Light (1788). Outstanding among painters of this period are Father Jesuino do Monte Carmelo, born in Santos in 1764, and Minas-born José Patrício da Silva Manso, who settled in São Paulo around 1775. The latter was more baroque than the former, and his figures were livelier.

Some churches and convents contain beautiful examples of primitive art, mostly by anonymous painters. Despite weakness in the use of color, these artists seem more genuine, less self-conscious, than the others, with a narrative ability born of a naïve imagination. There were also primitive sculptors, among them Frei Agostinho de Jesus, a remarkable artist born in Rio de Janeiro around 1600, who made saints' images in Bahia and Rio but mainly in São Paulo.

The arrival of the Portuguese Court in Brazil in 1808 brought a change in artistic patterns. Both the French



This house designed by Gregori Warchavchik was talk of the town in 1927

art mission sent for by Dom João VI in 1816 and the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts, established later, introduced fresh ideas and new architectural styles. Shy spontaneity gave way to the neo-classicism of the French artists, and Brazilians not only worked under them but went on to higher studies in Paris or Italy. São Paulo was living through a bold, romantic period, and in the province coffee planting had begun.

With coffee came prosperity. At the end of the nineteenth century São Paulo attracted thousands of immigrants whose taste was also to influence architecture and art. They brought a variety of styles—Swiss, Norman, Gothic, Louis XVI, and so on. Then came the elaborate *art nouveau*, or gingerbread, phase, one of the best examples of which is the building that now houses the São Paulo Faculty of Architecture. Among the architects who distinguished themselves in the first few decades of this century are Ramos de Azevedo, builder of the Municipal Theater; Carlos Ekman; the Italian Giovanni Bianchi; and the Frenchman Victor Dubugras, who taught at the Polytechnic School and introduced prefabricated iron grilles. In a reaction against this eclecticism, another group tried to bring back the Brazilian "colonial" style, with Ricardo Severo as the foremost promoter.

In 1927, the architect Gregori Warchavchik, a Russian emigré, built a house that caused quite a stir in São Paulo for its daring style and the extensive use of reinforced concrete, glass, and ceramics. (Two years later, when Le Corbusier first visited Brazil, he saw Warchavchik's house and on his recommendation Simeon Giedion mentioned it in *Cahiers d'Arts*.) Also in 1927, Flávio de Carvalho, a tireless promoter of the modernist movement, entered a competition for the new State Government Palace with a plan that included an air-raid shelter. Carvalho, incidentally, is an artist of considerable vitality who has distinguished himself mainly in painting and drawing.

Real modernization in São Paulo started early in the thirties. Rino Levi, just graduated from Italian schools, made an enormous contribution to the movement. In



Fireplace and sun porch answer needs of São Paulo's variable climate in house designed by Rino Levi

1938, Álvaro Vital Brasil designed the Esther apartment building with roof gardens, piles, and modular construction straight out of Le Corbusier. The following year, Bernard Rudofsky, a U. S. architect, built the Frontini and Arnstein houses, two landmarks in local modern architecture. With the industrial progress stemming from World War II, a fantastic number of buildings cropped up in record time and often in haphazard fashion.

Linked with the names of Warchavchik, Levi, and Vital Brasil in São Paulo's modern building are those of Oswaldo A. Bratke, J. Vilanova Artigas, Abelardo de Souza, Henrique E. Mindlin, Giancarlo Piretti, Lina Bó, and others of the younger generation. Present-day architecture in the coffee capital differs from the more exuberant trends of Rio, reflecting both the Italian influence and the introverted temperament of its people.



Gregori Warchavchik adapted thatched roof idea to week-end house on near-by Guarujá beach

training the retarded

in Vineland, New Jersey

HAROLD W. SMITH, JR.



Therapists at Vineland school work closely with each child to overcome speech difficulties

TO MARGE AND JIM, their new son Jack seemed like every other baby boy, except that, being theirs, he was particularly magnificent. He gained weight and grew at a normal rate. His teeth began to come in just about the right time, and he grew a thatch of light hair. But there Jack's progress seemed to stop. At first his parents were certain that their boy's slowness in recognizing things and people, and later crawling, was no cause for concern. Hadn't Jim's mother assured them that many children start these activities late?

The comfort of the assurance diminished month by month. A visit to their pediatrician, and then to a psychiatrist and psychologist, confirmed the couple's worst fear—Jack was mentally deficient, probably retarded. The high hopes Marge and Jim held for their son were dashed—no college, no bright young lawyer or doctor, no grandchildren.

The next few years were filled with innumerable visits to a psychiatric out-patient clinic, special care for Jack, and two more children. The bitterness that had overwhelmed Marge and Jim six years before almost disappeared; in its place came a growing devotion to Jack, an acceptance of him as he was and not as they had hoped he would be. But the boy's condition placed a

heavy strain on the young couple. Also, in all fairness, Jack could not be expected to live in daily competition with normal children and his younger sister and brother could not be expected to appreciate his condition. The doctor at the clinic advised them to send Jack to a school for mentally retarded children, where he could live free from the pressures of a society that demands a higher level of intelligence.

The search for the proper place brought the couple and their child to the Training School at Vineland, New Jersey, a privately run school and research center at work on the causes of mental retardation, its treatment, and its prevention. Vineland's reputation extends far beyond U.S. borders, and its training procedures have been translated into more than a score of languages (Spanish is next on the calendar). When Jim and Marge reached the sprawling, 1,600-acre campus, dotted with a hundred buildings, the supervisor of the child-life department talked with them in the reception room while a staff psychologist met with Jack in another building.

The supervisor related the history of the institution: Late in the nineteenth century, a young southern New Jerseyite named Samuel Olin Garrison, aware of the large number of mentally deficient children roaming the city streets, often becoming the tools of criminals, decided to open a school for these unfortunate children. In 1888, with his brother's assistance, he bought the

HAROLD W. SMITH, JR., is Director of Public Relations for the Training School at Vineland.

tract of land in Vineland. The founder and a few of his associates covered twenty-three states in the early 1890's, telling the story of their school and collecting students as they went along. By the end of the century, more than two hundred students were enrolled.

After Mr. Garrison's death from overwork at the age of forty-five, his young assistant, Edward Ransom Johnstone, took over as principal. He established the famous Vineland Psychological Research Laboratory, which has been responsible for the Kallikak Studies, the Vineland Social Maturity Scale for the measurement of social competence, and the translation of Binet's intelligence tests for their first use on the American continent.

Since 1946, when Dr. Walter Jacob became the third director of the Training School, modern methods for the care and treatment of mental retardation have been introduced and psychiatric and speech-therapy programs started. Today, the Training School population numbers 450 students and a staff of 250. The students in residence represent the United States, Mexico, Puerto Rico, Peru, Venezuela, and Brazil.

Marge and Jim next began a tour of the Training School campus. The founders, the counselor who accompanied them told Marge and Jim, believed that the child should live as normal a life as possible at Vineland. So the campus was laid out as a village, where the child leaves his cottage home in the morning, attends school or work in another building during the day, and in the evening goes, say, to the movies in still a different building.

Training School maintains large professional library to help staff in endless quest for knowledge of mental deficiency



Marge and Jim visited one of the school's twenty-five cottages, which house from ten to twenty children. Each cottage, where possible, has a married couple serving as house mother and father to the children. A group of children were playing baseball with the house father behind the house. The house mother had her arm around a boy and explained that he was new to the school and still a bit shy. The group moved into the comfortable, well-furnished living room and then to the recreation room, where two small boys plagued with sniffles were indoors today, alternating between toys and television. Marge and Jim noted that the dining room was cheerful



School is built like a village. Boys and girls live in comfortable cottages like this for around \$3,000 a year

and well lighted, with half a dozen or so tables seating four children each. The kitchen was clean and airy. The bedrooms upstairs, with two or three children to a room, were designed to fit into the world of little boys. Each, said the house mother, had his own corner, with bed, bureau, night table, lamp, and his own possessions, possibly a radio or phonograph. The counsellor explained that the children are assigned to the various cottages on the basis of their mental and social competence ("social competence" means ability to get along with others and to take care of oneself) and chronological age. For example, though in chronological age the trainees range generally from five to forty, a student of nine with a mental age of six would not be housed with a student of forty having the same mental age. As a child progresses, he or she is transferred to another cottage. When he reaches middle age he moves to one of the cottages for older people, four miles from the area for the young. About 9 per cent of the School population is over forty-five (a number die before reaching this age).

After lunch in the new, modern canteen, contributed by a parents' group known simply as Parents, Inc., Marge, Jim, and the consultant were joined at the academic school building by a member of the education staff. Students in the academic and vocational classes, they learned, are classified generally into trainable and

educable groups, and then into smaller units, according to social and mental competence. Refresher courses for older students are also given.

The group watched a music teacher leading her pupils through their first nursery rhyme; a shop teacher giving a student a hand with a bookcase; a girl painting a scene; a class traveling to Africa via their geography books; a child, laboring to hurdle a speech impediment, reciting a poem learned through hours of study.

The teacher told them of the aim of the academic school—to develop the children as far as possible—and of the elements essential to such a program: superior instruction, perseverance, affection. The teacher emphasized that a child placed in a class that moved too slow or too fast for him would be unhappy, and his progress would therefore be seriously retarded. He reminded them that even if the maximum development is the mind of a six-year-old girl in a forty-year-old woman, Vineland makes it possible for her to realize her full potentialities. This is more than many so-called normal adults do.

The next stop was Garrison Hall, the assembly building. A group of children was giving a program of recitals. Marge and Jim heard an older boy play a piano selection with amazing speed lest he forget what he had learned through long hours of practice; they saw a girl almost forget her crippled condition to perform a simple dance. Then a boy about ten years old took the stage and began to recite a familiar poem. He completed the first stanza, despite a speech impediment. Suddenly, tears rushed forth and he wrung his hands in frustration. Each child and staff member in the hall, the next word on his lips, was seeking to impart it to the boy. Marge and Jim felt a sudden kinship with the boy and the entire audience. This was the unqualified loyalty that every king and beggar seeks. This was what the supervisor had meant when he said that Jack would be contented living among those who would understand and support him all his life.

Marge and Jim looked in briefly on meetings of the Boy and Girl Scout troops and visited the poultry area, where a number of the School's 4-H Club members were preparing their pets for the fancy fowl show at the forthcoming county fair. (During the past few years, this club has won a number of top prizes at county fairs, in competition with 4-H Clubs from all corners of New Jersey.)

A quick trip to the School's 1,300-acre farm, Menantico, and the summer camp, Mento, preceded a final consultation with school officials. At Menantico many of the children find what everyone needs, a spot of their own—in a potato patch they themselves farm, in the orchard cultivating fruit trees, in the tender care of a newborn calf. For example, one mentally retarded boy who is also a severe spastic operates a tractor and lays claim to making the straightest furrow in southern New Jersey. Vocational supervisors work along with the boys. As might be expected, the work performed so slowly by these children could be accomplished in half the time by just a few regular farm hands. But the therapy program is



House parents give the children loving individual care from morning to night



Supervision helps the students get the most out of playtime

Below: At work in printing shops. Varied activities allow full development of child's limited abilities

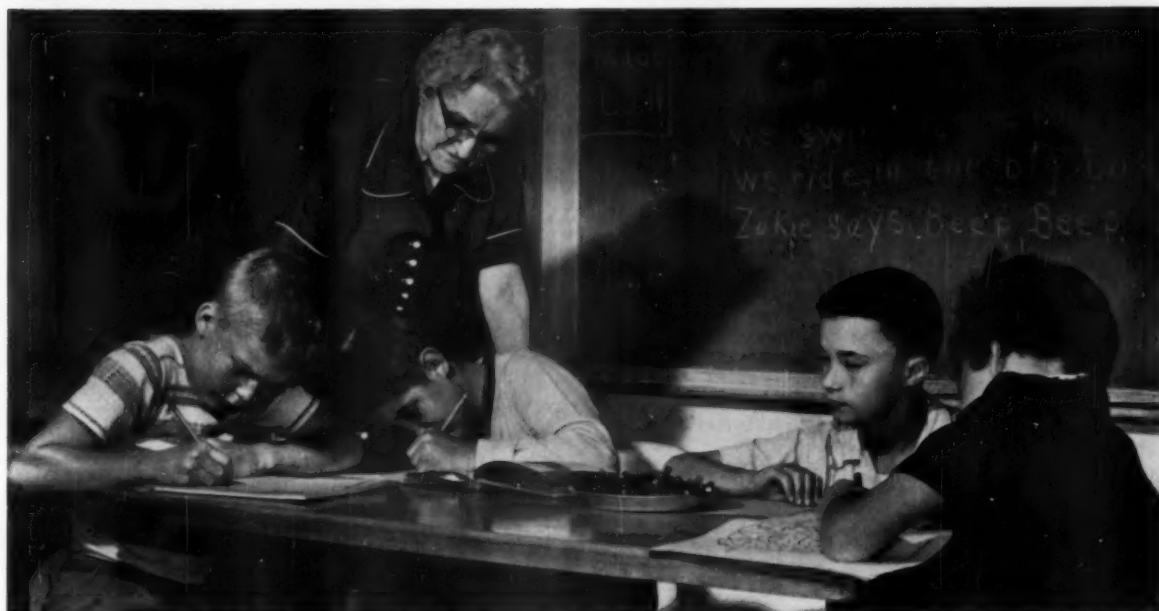




Like any other school children, Vineland students learn through self-expression



Complete, fully accredited scouting program is available for both boys and girls



Some of the children can handle academic subjects, in classes geared to their own pace

School's 1,300-acre Menantico Farm provides ideal outdoor activity therapy

Students are granted the privacy we all need at times, to write letters home, listen to music, or just think





Trained nurses are on duty at all times in Training School's modern forty-bed hospital

what counts here, not how many rows are hoed in a day.

At Camp Mento the School maintenance crew was busy preparing the camp buildings for the summer opening, while other men dredged the lake and swimming areas. The final leg of the tour took them to the psychology laboratory. The Training School, the research psychologist said, was one of the first institutions in the world to begin research into the cause, treatment, and possible prevention of mental retardation. He told them about the research now in progress and about preparations for the project to begin shortly under a five-year grant of \$139,000 from the U.S. Surgeon General.

Marge and Jim met the professional staff members to discuss Jack's condition and possible admission to the Training School. They learned that to enroll at Vine-land, a child must be at least two years of age, with a mental potential of a six-year-old. In considering candidates, the school also takes into account the individual's social competence, his personality traits, and his psychiatric and physical condition (some youngsters have emotional problems in addition to retardation). Intelligence quotients at the school range from untestable to average. An "untestable" child is one at so low a level that no existing mental test will produce valid

For fifty years, School has sponsored research on causes, treatment, and possible prevention of mental retardation



results; as he progresses, under the proper care, he can be tested. Intelligence is not the sole criterion—a child with a low mentality but high social competence may be testable whereas a more intelligent child with lower competence may not.

The chief psychologist informed his parents that Jack would be accepted provisionally for a three-month diagnostic and observation period. A special program would be designed for him, and his performance would be studied carefully by each staff member concerned. Exhaustive tests would be conducted by the Training School's staff psychiatrists, and a clinical psychologist would be assigned to observe Jack's actions, in an attempt to determine his needs. The speech pathologist would try to learn whether Jack's speech defect was a result of his mental retardation or a separate problem, and would then recommend a program of therapy. During the ninety-day period, Jack would undergo several physical and mental examinations by the staff physicians and psychiatrists and the board of consulting professionals from leading Eastern hospitals and clinics retained by the School. The child-life and education departments would meet frequently with Jack's cottage parents, teachers, and recreation leaders, and submit reports based on their observations. The hospital staff and dietitian would formulate a diet. At the end of this initial period, after studying all the reports, this same professional group would meet again and decide whether the Training School's program would benefit Jack. If these staff members agreed that it would, Jack would be admitted; if not, they would recommend a more suitable program and another school.

Should Jack be accepted, Marge and Jim were assured, he would not be fitted into a routine at the Training School. As with every child, his program would be planned for his individual needs, and would be changed as they changed. The education coordinator, for instance, thought that Jack might profit initially from a combination academic-vocational school program; the speech pathologist's testing that day revealed a not-too-serious speech impediment that could be corrected. The examining psychiatrist and psychologist found no evidence of emotional disorder and stated that a satisfactory program was already in the formative stages for treatment of his retarded condition.

The chief psychologist explained to Marge and Jim that there are still many areas of mental retardation about which we know little or nothing. Of the knowledge gained thus far, it was generally accepted that the cause is damage to the brain either at birth or during the pre-natal period, and that parents were not responsible for mental retardation in their children. He was anxious, the psychologist stated, that the two of them feel no guilt and that they not attribute their child's condition to mental deficiency somewhere in the family.

It was not easy for Marge and Jim to face the realization that Jack would no longer be at home with the family; mentally retarded or not, he was their son. But they knew that he would be in the capable and affectionate hands of a school with years of experience in this field. ♦ ♦ ♦

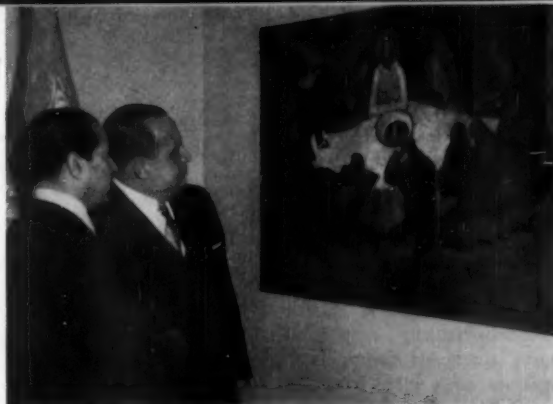
OAS

FOTO FLASHES



Believing that private enterprise should be active in promoting cultural exchange among nations, Luis A. Ferré, a leading Puerto Rican industrialist, has donated \$2,500 to defray expenses for promising young musicians of the Americas who wish to attend the Casals Festival in San Juan from April 22 to May 8. Pianist Rudolf Serkin, violinist Isaac Stern, composer Heitor Villa-Lobos of Brazil, musicologist Alfonso Letelier of Chile, and Guillermo Espinosa, head of the PAU Music Section, will help Secretary General Mora to select candidates. Here, Henry Raymond of the United Press, on behalf of Mr. Ferré, turns over check to Dr. Mora as Mr. Espinosa looks on.

Mexican OAS Ambassador Luis Quintanilla deposits his country's instrument of ratification of the Convention on Diplomatic Asylum. From left to right are Venezuelan OAS Ambassador Tito Gutiérrez; Brazilian OAS Ambassador Fernando Lobo, Chairman of the Council of the Organization of American States; Secretary General José A. Mora; and Assistant Secretary General William Manger. Standing are Argentine OAS Ambassador Eduardo A. García, United States OAS Ambassador John C. Dreier, and Cuban OAS Ambassador José T. Barón.



Currently on exhibit at the PAU are works of six outstanding Nicaraguan artists who have spearheaded the contemporary movement associated with their country's School of Fine Arts. The painting under discussion by Secretary General José A. Mora and Nicaraguan Ambassador Guillermo Sevilla Sacasa is Rodrigo Peñalba's *Last Supper*. Sculpture in background is Fernando Saravia's *Bird*.



The Census Subcommittee of the Committee on Improvement of National Statistics (COINS), which is in charge of promoting and coordinating the 1960 Census of the Americas, met at the PAU to study the provisional program for the 1960 World Agricultural Census, prepared by the Food and Agriculture Organization. The program is being analyzed here by (clockwise) Antonio J. Posada of IASI; C. P. G. J. Smith of FAO; J. T. Marshall and O. L. Lemieux of Canada; B. Ruiz Martínez of Colombia; IASI Assistant Secretary General O. A. de Moraes; Armando Rabello of Brazil; Conrad Taueber of the U.S.A.; IASI Secretary General Tulo H. Montenegro; and Subcommittee Chairman Calvert L. Dedrick of the U.S.A.



Women in Free Argentina

MARTA M. DE GARCÍA

SINCE I HAVE BEEN in Washington I have found U.S. women naturally curious about their Argentine counterparts, since our country recently passed a political crisis and ousted a dictator who had been in power for twelve years. They ask all sorts of questions:

Do Argentine women have careers? If so, which fields do they prefer? Are they in any way restricted in their choice of professions? Are they in business? In journalism?

Can they vote? Is membership in political parties open to women? Do they hold public office?

Are they interested in problems outside the home? Do they engage in social work, for example?

For years Argentine women have been active in the professions of their choice, without limitation. Their success depends solely on individual ability and effort. Education is free to all from the primary grades to the university level, and, of course, there are also private schools. All universities are government-controlled.

In Argentina, just as in the United States, the teaching profession has attracted countless women, among them many Ph.D.'s. They hold posts in elementary and secondary schools; some are university professors. Many are principals of state schools, and the Minister of Education of Buenos Aires Province is a woman. Women are also social workers, lawyers, doctors, dentists, pharmacists, and, in lesser numbers, architects and engineers.

MARTA M. DE GARCÍA, wife of the OAS Ambassador from Argentina, is a member of the U.S. League of Women Voters and is taking a course in the history of U.S. politics.

Directors of Women's Civic Culture Center: (from left) Marta R. de Hueyo, secretary; Mila F. de Oteiza Quirno, vice-president and chairman of study committee; Elsa M. de Lanfranco, vice-president; Carmen P. de Perkins, president; Raquel G. de Dillon, treasurer. Nonpartisan organization promotes interest in public affairs

Women are active in the business world in Argentina, and there are women enrolled in the universities as students of economics. Some own small businesses, and many have been successful in real estate. Women have gone into journalism, both as contributors and as regular staff members. The most widely circulated children's magazine in Argentina, *Mundo Infantil*, is directed by a woman, Mrs. Fryda Schultz de Mantovani, who is also a writer. Mrs. Victoria Ocampo, an outstanding figure in the world of letters, is director and founder of the long-established and well-known literary review *Sur*.

Argentine women vote and enjoy full membership rights in the political parties. They hold public office. Some are judges; others fill responsible government positions. Women have also served as election officials, and I hope they will again.

While our women are primarily interested in home and family problems, this does not mean they are indifferent to the world around them. Their enthusiastic study of foreign languages is one proof of their lively curiosity about other nations. Often young women just out of secondary school take advanced courses to master a particular language and to study the history, geography, and literature of the country where it is spoken.

French is a favorite in Argentina, and dramatic productions from France are immediate sell-outs. The Italian theater is almost as popular. Furthermore, newsstands offer foreign periodicals; Uruguayan and Chilean dailies are hawked on the streets; and bookstores stock the latest original editions published in Europe.



Argentine women take an active part in social work and have helped support hospitals, schools, and orphanages. Right now they are undertaking new phases of social work that are peculiar to the country and the transition period it is passing through. For instance, one group of mothers, teachers, and university students, taking the name *Por la Patria* (For the Homeland), has joined forces to change the climate of mistrust and unrest fostered by the dictatorship. To this end, they have embarked on a broad program of activities. One day they organize a party in a workers' club; the next they talk with women factory workers. They see to it that children from scattered neighborhoods get downtown to see worth-while educational films, which—they insist to authorities—are all too scarce. They seek the collaboration of artists and performers, and are granted free broadcast time to air their ideas and ambitions. They organize neighborhood get-togethers to discuss home and school problems. *Por la Patria* is now an affiliate of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, which has its headquarters in Washington.

The group's founder, Mrs. Luisa Buren de Sanguinetti, is a retired teacher and a mother, well known for her

foreign residents. At luncheon meetings they learn about each other's work in an atmosphere of mutual respect. The Center's president, Mrs. Carmen Peers de Perkins, a mother and a writer, was in the United States not long ago to attend a congress of women's organizations from all over the world. She spoke on women's accomplishments in Argentina and was also asked to give a radio report on the general situation there. Since her return home, Mrs. Perkins has frequently lectured on U.S. women's groups.

The Association for the Rehabilitation of the Physically Handicapped, modeled along the same lines as the Goodwill Industries in the United States, has got off to an enthusiastic start. These selfless women not only help solve financial problems but also extend genuine friendship and encouragement. They find suitable occupations for shut-ins and are now trying to finance a cooperative as a commercial outlet for articles made by the handicapped. They also plan to set up a fund for study and work-observation trips and to establish a bookmobile library. The president of this association is the writer Mrs. Rosa Franco, and the head of the Association's labor committee is Mrs. Margarita Sánchez de Van Mighem, who runs our oldest correspondence school.

With the cooperation of the Ministry of Labor and Social Welfare, a volunteer group has undertaken to coordinate the efforts of women's organizations with government programs. This experiment has been under the guidance of Mrs. Cristina Correa Morales de Aparicio. Mrs. Aparicio not only collaborates with her husband,

Right: Cristina Correa Morales de Aparicio, archaeologist, geologist, and worker for many civic causes



Left: Author spends hours at typewriter turning out articles for Argentine and U.S. publications



democratic ideals. The government has appointed her to a secondary-school post to teach the new course called "training in democracy." She helped draw up the program, and the Ministry of Education has given its wholehearted support.

The Argentine Women's Civic Culture Center, much like the League of Women Voters in the United States, is working to make Argentine women aware of their duties and rights under a democratic form of government. Members of different political parties are invited to explain their respective platforms, and lively debates encourage each woman to think for herself and give serious consideration to government problems. With headquarters in the capital, the Center reaches into the interior through branches in the various provinces. The Center is also striving to establish rapport between the various Argentine women's groups and those formed by



Committee chairmen of *Por la Patria*, group working to retrain Argentines in democracy after decade of dictatorship, meet with founder-president Luisa B. de Sanguinetti (head of table)

Francisco de Aparicio, in his archaeological and geographical studies but is also the founder of rural bookmobiles, a member of the Women's Association of Rural Action, and secretary of the Argentine Association for the United Nations. She was an official Argentine delegate to the Tenth Session of the United Nations Commission on the Status of Women, held in Geneva in 1956.

Obviously, then, Argentine women share the interests and activities of women from other civilized nations all over the world. And at the moment they have taken on a heavy responsibility to help their country get on its feet again. ♦ ♦ ♦



DOWN WITH PASSPORTS

AN EDITORIAL in the San Salvador daily *Tribuna Libre* views passports and tariffs as keeping Central Americans from being among the best-dressed, best-fed people in the world:

"A Guatemalan delegation favoring Central American federation recently visited Dr. J. Guillermo Trabanino, Secretary General of the Organization of Central American States [ODECA], to request that passports for citizens of the member nations who travel from one country to another be abolished.

"Federationists have wanted this for a long time. Excessive travel documentation is one of the primary deterrents to closer relations among the Central American nations. Emergency trips, often of vital importance in business or family matters, are made doubly difficult. However, the most significant drawback in the present passport system is that it implants the idea that our countries have divergent interests, different goals and ambitions, and problems that cannot be solved through joint efforts.

"The move to abolish passports should be made not only to facilitate travel in a relatively small area but also to complement the policy of economic integration. Central American boundary lines should be nothing more than geographic abstractions, . . . where we can exchange surpluses for needs, instead of paying so-called protective tariffs on food and clothing that would allow our people a higher standard of living. . . .

"Unfortunately, some political interests are also against abolishing the

passport system . . . , but ODECA might be able to overcome these obstacles. . . . This system is our most serious historic error. . . ."

LABOR AND THE OAS

AS THE VOICE of many labor groups throughout the Hemisphere, Luis Alberto Monge, Secretary General of the Inter-American Regional Organization of Workers (known as ORIT, from its name in Spanish), speaks out in favor of the OAS, its ideals and ambitions, without ignoring weaknesses. These excerpts are from his article in *Free Labour World*, official journal of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions—the ORIT parent organization—published in Brussels:

" . . . From the very beginning of our existence as independent entities, a unifying tendency has been visible. . . . This explains how there came to be established in the Americas, before the League of Nations . . . , an institution whose fundamental purposes were to solve conflict pacifically, to maintain the reign of democracy, and to promote economic, social, and cultural advance. . . . The Organization of American States, to which all the

countries of the Western Hemisphere belong, with the exception of Canada, has [over the] years, and especially since World War II, steadily become more effective. The trade-union movement supports it . . . [despite the obvious] influence of . . . certain outworn conceptions of inter-American politics. . . . But this stage of growth of the OAS will pass, aided by . . . the very factors that are every day strengthening the ties between the various trade-union movements in the separate areas of the [Hemisphere]. Then, and only then, the OAS will be able to fully accomplish its great task. In the meantime we [shall] continue [to] . . . support all the positive aspects of that organization. We have even suggested to our Canadian friends in the trade-union movement that they bring influence to bear on their government and on public opinion in favor of Canada's joining the Organization of American States. . . ."

Mr. Monge then points out that the economies of the American nations naturally tend to complement each other, but he emphasizes that this does not mean that the Latin American countries should continue indefinitely only as raw-material producers with little or no industrialization.

"[It is true that] the great industrial set-up of North America would be useless without the supply of primary materials from Latin America. There could be no talk of mechanizing agriculture and of industrialization in Latin America without the contribution in equipment from industry in the United States and Canada. Experience has proved the [fallacy of the] idea that the United States is better off when her neighbors are not industrialized. Canada has increased her imports from the United States in direct proportion to the growth of her



"Don't worry. It always happens when Faust plays here."—De Frente, Buenos Aires

own industries. Precisely the same thing is happening in Mexico, Brazil, Chile, and the other countries of Latin America, insofar as they succeed in increasing their industrial output.

"The trade-union leaders of North America know today even better than they have in the past that the level of employment and [standard of living] in general cannot be maintained or will [be precarious at best] if there is no corresponding steady growth in the consumer capacity of Latin America, the chief [outlet for] North American products. . . . This partly explains the sympathy of workers in North America for the fight put up by the peoples of Latin America to obtain better prices for their goods in the international market, even though this may be temporarily distasteful to North American housewives. The trade unions should explain . . . that if this economic justice is not done, it will become more difficult to find a market in Latin America for radios, refrigerators, cars, and all the other things produced by their husbands and sons. . . ."



"Which do you prefer as an anesthetic?"—
Indice Cultural, Bogotá

TO EACH HIS OWN

IN HIS regular column in the Brazilian weekly magazine *Manchete*, Sérgio Pôrto analyzes the entertainment problem:

"The people's right to enjoy themselves is sacred. More than that, it is essential when life is so full of petty annoyances. It should have been part

of the Constitution, . . . although [this] would not necessarily have assured each man's entertainment. The Constitution foresees, but it cannot always guarantee. Note, for example, Title V, first chapter, article 145 . . . : 'Work is a social obligation, and every man is assured the right to earn an adequate living.' However, despite all the care taken by the framers of the Constitution, any sunny day there are dozens and dozens of people at the beach, flat on their backs in the sand, who have no intention of getting up and going to the . . . President to demand their right to work. . . .

"But let's get back to the more pleasant subject of entertainment. . . . The yearning to forget humdrum, everyday boredom gives rise to the oddest amusements. The other day a young lady I had never suspected of malice told me how she entertains herself. . . . She hit upon the idea one afternoon when, seeking release from boredom . . . , she chose a man's name at random from the phone book and called him. It was easy to give the conversation a romantic twist, and as a result the man insisted on seeing her in person. She hesitated. She was engaged, she explained, but not even that would stop her. That night she would be in 'Sacha's' at such-and-such a time, dressed in black and wearing Ma Griffe perfume.

" . . . That evening she chose a dress, anything but black, wore Arpège, or any other perfume except Ma Griffe, and went to observe her victim. She was highly amused watching the poor fellow sidle up to every woman in black and sniff. . . .

"Entertainment may vary according to individual mentality, but if it does, two old men I know contradict every hypothesis on the subject. Temperate to an extreme and exemplary citizens in every respect, they find crimes entertaining. Every day they buy all the sensational newspapers they can lay their hands on and go home to read and discuss them.

"It is something to see them, seated in their living room, happy as kids, talking about crimes. Each story is a new joy: 'A despondent girl committed suicide. Hurray!'

"'Look at this!' the other one ex-

claims excitedly. 'The concubine's honor was bathed in blood!'

"And so they go, from disaster to disaster. . . . They know about every crime, are interested in the capture or escape of any criminal, and have their own ideas about police methods and efficiency. . . . If someone asked them what an insecticide is, they probably would answer: 'A preparation that is good for killing servants.'"

CHILEAN MYSTERY

THE TAITAO PENINSULA and the maze of islands that stretch southward along the coast of Chile to Cape Horn are one of the few areas in the modern world where adventurers can meet the unknown. But not for long, since the Chilean Government has set out to determine the wealth of this region. An article by Ricardo Valenzuela, which appeared in the Valparaíso daily *La Unión* and the bi-monthly magazine of the Chilean Navy, *Revista de Marina*, explains its fascination—past and present:

" . . . Of the thousand-odd islands from the Guaitecas to Cape Horn, almost all are uninhabited. Some abound with lush vegetation, forests, and minerals; others are eroded and spiked with dead trees. . . . There is no place like it in any atlas.

"This labyrinth befuddled the Spanish conquerors and colonists alike, and they are responsible for the climate's bad reputation. . . . Those soldiers and missionaries from a sunny country were seeking gold and heathens. They scorned everything else. Even the Spanish seamen were confounded by the leaden skies, the vegetation combed by stormy winds, the rain, and the choppy seas that cracked their ships.

"On the other hand, the Dutch and the English saw excellent possibilities for colonies. The Brouwer expedition from Amsterdam tried to settle in Chiloé. An English ship took over uninhabited Guafo Island. The Indians of Chiloé had planted crops there, but after traveling twenty miles in dugout canoes to harvest them, they were turned back by the Spaniards, who feared the island might make an easy landing for pirates.

"The Chilean Navy knows the most about that semi-deserted region. The

Fleet Hydrographic Office in Valparaíso practically owes its existence to those lands. Former voyages are studied; reports, sketches, and observations are gathered together; charts are drawn up; everything is brought up to date to expedite navigation. Today . . . buoys mark the channels like highway signs.

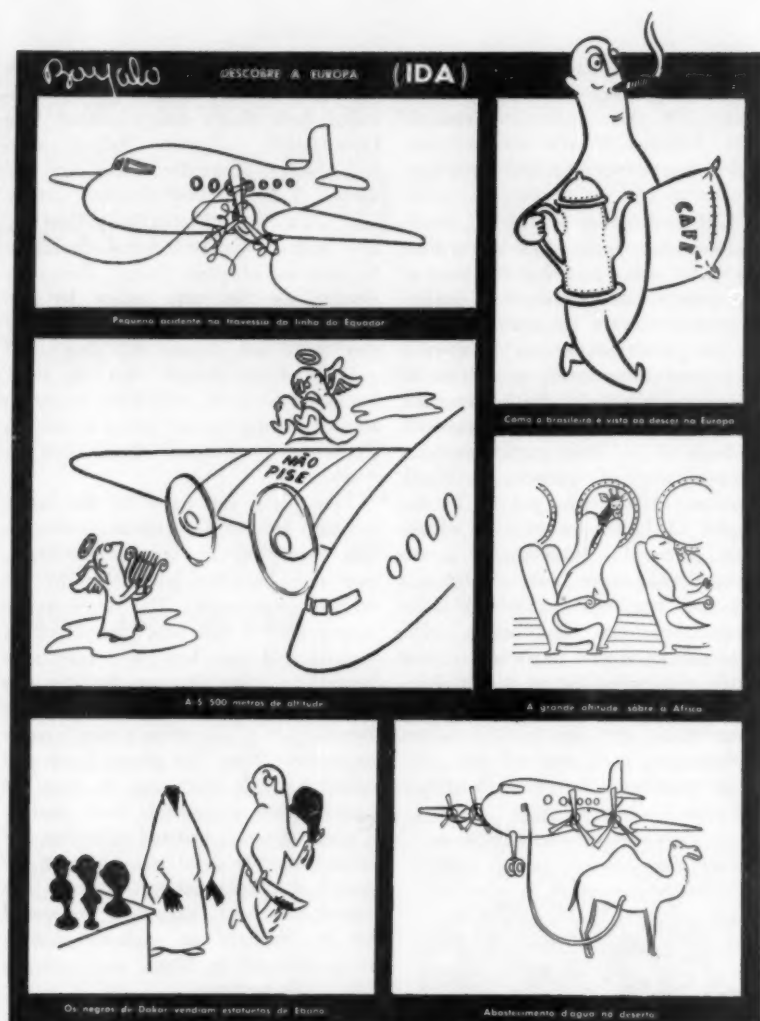
"Forerunners in this campaign were the Chilean captains Juan Guillermo (Juan Williams), who took possession of the Strait of Magellan; Francisco Hudson, who began his hydrographic work . . . in 1856; Enrique Simpson; and Francisco Vidal Gormaz. Hudson died on his ship, the *Pizarro*, which completed a mission to Cape Horn with the *Meteoro*. The fate of the *Pizarro* was never known, but the *Meteoro* returned safely.

"Extraordinary pages in the history of Chilean hydrography deal with the seas and the legendary Far South. The men who undertook these studies—and are undertaking them—had to know not only navigation . . . but geology, botany, zoology, and archaeology as well. . . .

"The unusual lake called 'Juan Antonio Ríos,' which looks on the map like a fossilized trunk with a few branches intact, was discovered by a U.S. mission making explorations from the air. According to the navigation chart I have at hand, there are no channels of access to this lake. . . .

"During the colonial period it was believed that at some point on the mainland between Chiloé and Taitao (some said it was farther south), there was a fabulously rich city—Ciudad de los Césares—where all the utensils and even the roof tops were made of gold. White men of unknown origin were supposed to live there. Nomadic Indians and feverish Spanish adventurers swore they had seen cupolas gleaming in the sun.

"The legend began to circulate toward the end of the sixteenth century . . . and lasted until around the middle of the nineteenth. . . . Doubtless it was an invention of the Indians to push the Spaniards farther south or to sidetrack them to the east. But the Spanish thought there might be some truth in it, that some seamen . . . might have survived a shipwreck and found gold, everyone's aim and obsession. . . . So



Brazilian cartoonist Borjalo en route to Europe: (left to right) Minor accident crossing the Equator.—European conception of Brazilian traveler.—Eighteen thousand feet up.—High over Africa.—Dakar Negroes sell ebony statuettes.—Taking on water in the desert.—Manchete, Rio de Janeiro

much so that the adventurers who went there hardly noticed the other riches around them. . . . But at least the spell cast by the 'City of the Caesars' served as an impetus for exploration. . . .

"Darwin, who sailed with Fitzroy on the *Beagle* and was rather young to pronounce completely reliable judgments, got horribly seasick on those seas he called savage. . . . Consequently, he made pessimistic notations on the potentialities of the Far South. Darwin's nausea cost Chile dear, for the statesmen . . . who gave Patagonia to Argentina obviously believed his observations wholeheartedly. . . . (See page 14).

"Captain Simpson named one place the Gulf of the Elephants . . . for the sea lions he found there, so huge that each one would have yielded four hundred pounds of oil.

"In 1555 Cortés Ojea discovered a strange cave on the Taitao Peninsula that he called the Infernal Cave. He wrote: 'It was in a hill next to the sea, hollowed out like a big vault some four hundred feet long and sixty feet wide. It seemed to be supported by a center column some three hundred feet high. Water dropped from clusters of stone and marble that hung from the roof. . . . A heavy forest grew on top of the cave, and when it rained, the sound could be heard inside.'

"Cortés Ojea calculated that six thousand Indians could sleep there, but he found only a few, living in huts near by. No one else has ever visited that cavern, yet there is no doubt that it exists. . . ."

SOOTHSAYERS AND STATISTICIANS

"FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL man has wanted to describe tomorrow on the basis of what happened yesterday," writes Joaquín Beleño in the monthly Panamanian magazine *Lotería*. His article continues:

"... Statistics is to our scientific age what divination and astrology were to antiquity. . . . To understand the affinity between the divination of yesterday and the statistics of today, we must adopt a less prejudiced attitude toward the magicians and astrologers of olden times. . . .

"From earliest history man has known about the movements of the celestial bodies and the immutable laws governing them. From that he could predict, with almost unfailing exactness, the sunrise every morning of the year, the annual revolution of the earth around the sun, and the like. . . .

"The astrologer was the philosopher of the stellar universe who applied the astral laws to society and to the individual. . . . For him the universe was a unit, and man, as an integral part of that great universe . . . , was of necessity subject to these laws. . . . Thus, if everything that had already happened was going to happen again, the future could be considered as the return of the past. Certainly if this held true for stellar bodies, it must also apply to the earth and its inhabitants. . . . Astrology sought to formulate the relation between stellar phenomena and the phenomena of man as an individual and of the society he was a part of. . . .

"The classical soothsayer was a top-ranking functionary who, along with the warrior and the monarch, led the people. His mission was . . . to supply accurate predictions of the future. . . . In a way, he was responsible for national security. Modern governments rely on statisticians to predict their economic, military, political, and

other potentialities. . . . And if a mistake by the Gallup Poll—when it predicted Truman's defeat in 1948—can affect . . . the U.S. Stock Exchange, think how important the soothsayers were to ancient peoples. . . .

"Today's statistician satisfies the desire to know what lies ahead . . . , and he will undoubtedly take his place with the ruler and the warrior, the place left vacant by the soothsayer."

WHAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF

IN AN ARTICLE in the literary supplement of the Caracas daily *El Nacional*, the French editor and writer Roger Caillois probes into man's dream world:

"When I first became interested in dreams, . . . I tried to guess the meaning of images—once enigmatic, intimate, and disconcerting—that rose from the depths of the subconscious. . . . Influenced by the psychology in vogue, I did my best to extract and interpret the secrets . . . revealed by apparently innocent symbols. . . . However, I gave that up when I realized that . . . I often did the very things . . . that were supposed to be buried in the subconscious. That there was no room for them in mine did not worry me . . . , for, despite everything, I still had enough common sense not to read sinister meanings into them. . . .

"The coherence of some dreams has disturbed me much more. I still cannot understand how the countless images that appear to the sleeper can fall into . . . meaningful, orderly sequence. It seems that dreams would be made up of scattered, unrelated images. Yet mine were becoming . . . masterpieces of precision, or, at least, this was my impression. . . .

"Coherent dreams are insidious because they are much more readily confused with reality. And, to top it all, mine began at a time when I was traveling much too often and too fast. My memory played tricks on me when I tried to recall cities I had visited. I mixed up monuments, plazas, and museums, just as I moved mountains, roads, and islands. . . . Under these

circumstances it was very easy for dreams to add to the confusion. . . .

"Sometimes I would stop briefly in a far-off, bewildering city that seemed to have risen from another world. I knew no one there and could not speak the language. . . . My recollection of such cities . . . was so hazy that there was nothing to guarantee its authenticity and convince me I had not dreamed it. . . .

"In Cuzco my heart was so affected by the altitude . . . that I had to sit down on the sidewalk. No one noticed me. . . . Finally, I went into a near-by movie theater and gradually got my breath back. There I sat, in the midst of some impassive Indians who were listening to Sir Laurence Olivier tell, in verse and in an unknown tongue, the story of a Danish prince. . . .

"Another time, not far from the Montevideo station, in a vacant lot in the center of town, I saw a herd of elephants lying on the ground trumpeting. Men in raincoats were hosing them down, and the animals were playfully spouting water in every direction. . . . One even saluted me with her trunk several times. This happened at midday. I had gone out to mail a letter before taking an after-lunch nap. If I had not opened the envelope to add a postscript about that bizarre spectacle, I might have thought later that I had seen it during the nap and not before.

"Once I got lost in the Isfahan bazaar and wandered through the galleries . . . looking for an exit from that maze. I was disturbed when I came back to the same place several times and, after walking a while longer, even more upset when I did not recognize any of the dreary shops I was passing. Each doorway I entered led to some holy place and I had to retreat before the immobile anger of the worshippers. I have often thought that I never had a nightmare as awful as that. . . ."

ANSWERS TO QUIZ on page 42

1. At Santiago.
2. Chile.
3. At 2,200 feet.
4. Bogotá River.
5. Guanabara Bay.
6. Puerto Limón.
7. Tiahuanaco.
8. Remains of Christopher Columbus.
9. On the Guayas River.
10. Pedro de Valdivia.



BOOKS

THE AMERICAS FOR CHILDREN

Josette Frank

An annotated list of more than three hundred English-language children's books dealing with the Latin American countries has just been published as a supplement to the monthly List of Books Accessioned and Periodical Articles Indexed of the PAU's Columbus Memorial Library. Initiated and prepared by the Children's Book Committee of the Child Study Association of America, it represents the best of these books as chosen by experts—the only such evaluation available. In this article, Josette Frank, who as the Association's Staff Associate for Children's Books and Mass Media has been connected with the project from the beginning, relates how and why it was undertaken. Reprints of the list, titled Latin America in Books for Boys and Girls, may be ordered from the Association, 132 East Seventy-fourth Street, New York 21, at twenty-five cents each, five copies for a dollar.

In February 1954, a significant article about children's books appeared in the Spanish-language New York newspaper *La Prensa*. In it Muna Lee, of the United States Department of State, called attention to the many excellent books for children about the Latin American countries and people. The problem, she pointed out, was to help our children find this literature.

This suggestion sparked a chain reaction. Muna Lee's

article caught the attention of Kathleen Bernath, a long-time member of the Children's Book Committee of the Child Study Association of America. As the wife of an associate superintendent of schools in New York City, Mrs. Bernath was keenly aware that the children in that city needed help in understanding and appreciating their new classmates—the Puerto Rican children who have recently come in large numbers into the schools there. Could books, perhaps, help by widening their knowledge of the heritage these children bring with them?

The Children's Book Committee at once took up the challenge. Out of its large collection of recent and current children's books and its carefully annotated annual lists, it felt that a book list could be compiled that would be helpful to teachers, librarians, and parents of English-speaking children, not only in New York City but everywhere in the United States and in the Latin American countries as well. The project was encouraged by Luisa Frías de Hempel, then in the New York office of the Migration Division of the Puerto Rican Department of Labor.

The Committee, a volunteer group that has been in existence for some forty years, continuously reviews and evaluates all the new juvenile books as they are published. Its thirty members are former or active teachers, librarians, editors, writers, booksellers, and others representing varied interests in the world of children's books. Almost all of them are parents, some also grandparents, so that there are always young readers of various ages with whom they can check adult judgments. Some of the members have served over two decades, others are newer, two or three new members joining each year. They meet once a week the year round (oftener than that at times of pressure) under the long-time chairmanship of Mrs. F. S. Straus, vice-president of the Association. Each November the Committee issues an annotated list of its selections: *Books of the Year for Children*. The books selected for listing are kept on special exhibit throughout the year and are then added to the cumulative exhibit maintained at the Association's headquarters in New York. From time to time the Committee also prepares special lists, like the present one, to meet particular needs. Its non-sectarian list of *Bible Stories and Books About Religion for Children* has had wide distribution. Each year, too, the Committee gives an honorary award to a book for young people that deals realistically with problems of today's world.

Another happy activity of the Committee has been the collection of anthologies for children of various ages. Three, *Read-to-Me Storybook*, *Read Me Another Story*, and *Read Me More Stories*, are for the nursery age; *Holiday Storybook*, for children from six to nine; and two, *Read to Yourself Storybook* and *More Read to Yourself Stories: Fun and Magic*, for those from eight to eleven (all are published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company). Two other anthologies of stories and verses, *Children's Stories* and *The Christmas Book* (Whitman Publishing Company), are for family reading to children under ten.

With the Latin American list in prospect, the Committee faced the question, How to bring it to the attention of those to whom it might be useful? Naturally, the first step was to consult Muna Lee herself. Through her helpful suggestion and courteous arranging, we outlined our plan to the Pan American Union, where the late Secretary General Carlos Dávila greeted it with enthusiasm and promised his cooperation. When Arthur E. Gropp, Librarian of the Columbus Memorial Library, offered the facilities of the *List of Books Accessioned*, publication and distribution of the list was assured. The Puerto Rican Migration Division offered its clerical facilities for the typing of the list. Then the Committee set about the task of compiling it.

This proved more difficult—or at least more challenging—than had been anticipated. The members of the Children's Book Committee, examining all of the books they had reviewed and listed during the past two decades, found that many were out of print but available in libraries; others, though still available, were badly dated, out of tune with today's thinking and developments.

The uneven representation of the various countries in this literature posed many problems. We were not surprised to find a wealth of books about Mexico for all ages. The ready accessibility to English-speaking travelers of this colorful country just south of our border makes it a fertile field for stories and picture books. But to find anything about such countries as Honduras or Costa Rica required considerable searching, and sometimes less rigorous application of our criteria. The question of a book's literary merit or readability sometimes had to be waived where little or nothing else could be found on a special subject or about a particular country. There was, unfortunately, little about industrial and urban life in any country and almost nothing about cultivated and educated families in modern settings.

Nevertheless, it was possible to find material—fiction or non-fiction—about most of the countries represented on the list. Included, too, are stories of those areas of the United States, such as the southwestern states, in which large segments of the population stem from a Mexican culture, and, of course, stories of Puerto Rican families who have recently come to live in New York.

The criteria for the selection of titles were much the same as those which have guided the Committee in its continuous evaluation of each year's new books. The background must be authentic, the story convincing, the characterizations sound. The writing must be good, though high literary quality seems sometimes less im-

portant than readability and sustained interest. Clear, well-printed pages and suitable (if not always superior) pictures help greatly to invite the young reader to explore further. In many of the books selected, the pictures are superb contributions from distinguished artists: Miguel Covarrubias, Jean Charlot, Carlos Mérida, and others. There are also stories by such skilled and perceptive writers for children as Charles Finger, Ann Nolan Clark, Alice Dalgliesh, and Delia Goetz.

As is our custom, before a book was selected it had to be favorably reported on by at least two of our reviewers and considered by the full committee, which raised pertinent questions: Is it an appreciative and sympathetic presentation of the people of the particular country? Does it deal fairly with controversial issues? With minorities? If historical, is it authenticated, as nearly as we can tell, from other books about that period? If biographical, is it convincing, not stuffed with adulation? If modern in its setting, is it up-to-date in information and pictures, in attitude and point of view? Does it have a feeling of reality and an empathy for the people it deals with? If factual, is it correct, straightforward, not "written down" for young readers? To keep the list from becoming too long, it was sometimes necessary to limit ourselves to the best of several possible titles on the same theme or for the same age.

Commenting on a book about Amerigo Vespucci, one reviewer wrote, "This is a *must* for the list—the too-little-known story of why our country is named for the great pilot and cartographer." Of a book about the West Indies another reviewer wrote: "This is learning the easy way—superior writing and fine social attitudes—it takes your hand and dances through the tour." Of a book of folk tales a reviewer reported that "Spanish words are used in a way which should please children who can understand them and not get in the way of those who can't." Of another book one reviewer said, "It's exciting because it is written in eye-witness fashion"; another, "It sustains interest, appeals to young people, and I liked it. So did my son."

On the other side of the picture, books were omitted from the list when there were such comments as "The author allows statements of her opinions to stand as fact—much special pleading." Or another: "Too sweet and idyllic to be true." Or "This story is pleasant but could take place anywhere—you get very little feeling about the country." Of one book a reviewer wrote: "It gives only a cursory picture of life in that country—with some unfortunate overtones implying that New England blood is superior to Indian. Certainly contributes nothing to mutual respect!" And, of one book written two decades ago, "The story is exciting but the author is quite condescending. We have come a long way since this book was written."

The list is oriented toward children's leisure reading—reading for fun, whether at home or at school. Hence we have not included books that seemed intended purely as textbooks. It is our belief, too, that no matter how worthy the intentions or authentic the contents of a book, it will be without value if it is too dull to get



itself read. Inviting style, as well as the *look* of a book, weigh heavily in commending the book to the young reader.

The grouping of books by ages is always a vexing problem, and here it was more so, since under this arrangement some countries were not represented at all in the younger age groupings. Yet we know that at certain times, to meet special interests, one may read a "much too old" book to a youngster who wants to know a particular something, and conversely, an older boy or girl will often find pleasure and profit browsing through a young child's picture book. The Committee therefore urges that users of the list look beyond the age designations. Especially is this true in the three separate groups of "special interest" books: *The World of Nature*; *Songs and Games*; and *Customs, Crafts and Language*. Many boys and girls, the Committee believes, can be wooed to reading through their interest in nature lore or games or riddles—and these, too, may reflect the culture and customs of the lands from which they come.

The completed list contains over three hundred annotated titles, arranged in four age groups—through seven, from seven to ten, from ten through twelve, and twelve and over—as well as the three "special interest" groupings noted above. Many out-of-print books are included (and indicated) on the list when checking has revealed that they are available at libraries. It is hoped their inclusion here may help to bring them back into print.

The Children's Book Committee hopes that this new list, *Latin America in Books for Boys and Girls*, will serve to widen children's horizons and bring closer together in understanding and appreciation the boys and girls who share with one another the two American continents.

BEFORE THE EYES OF THE WORLD

LATIN AMERICA IN THE UNITED NATIONS, by John A. Houston. New York, Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, 1956. 348 p. \$2.75

Reviewed by Octavio Rivera Farber

Although, as might be expected, the subjects dealt with in this very useful book are almost entirely of a juridical-political nature, they are presented so simply and in such a straightforward manner that the book can be recommended to readers of all kinds, not merely to specialists. It is a methodical study of the positions taken by the Latin American representatives throughout the history of the international organization, from the San Francisco Conference up to date. Clearly and impartially it examines, for example, Latin American efforts to bar the adoption of the veto power and to modify the structure of the Security Council. Equally evident is the importance of the Latin American delegates' combined efforts to win admittance to the UN for Argentina and their successful endeavors to maintain intact the regional system embodied in the Organization of American States within the San Francisco Charter.

The reader will be struck by the pacifist attitude that has characterized the activities of our countries—a good example being the account of Latin American participation in the sessions at which an attempt was made to decide what constitutes "aggression." He will also learn of the role they have played in the International Court: when the first elections were held, in 1946, four of the five judges named were Latin Americans.

It becomes plain from this book how significant has been the contribution of these twenty countries, which form a vast association rich in history. They have never used their twenty votes in unconditional obedience to any sort of pressure but guard their legitimate interests zealously and weigh each problem before defining their attitude.

The interest of Professor Houston's work is heightened by a preface by the distinguished jurist Ricardo J. Alfaro, former President of Panama.

Octavio Rivera Farber, a young Mexican lawyer, has been observing the UN himself from the vantage point of Columbia University, where he is doing post-graduate work in international law.

BOOK NOTE

EL INDIO and EL PRECIO DEL ESTAÑO, by Gustavo Thor-lichen, commentary by Mariano Baptista Gumucio and Augusto Céspedes, respectively. Druckhaus Tempelhof, Berlin, for the Subsecretaría de Prensa, Informaciones y Cultura, La Paz. 52 photographs in each.

The photographs opposite are from these two superb picture books on the Bolivian highlands. The scenery there is beautiful, but life is hard—and the books, published by the Government, face one fact as honestly as the other. *El Indio* deals with the people who make up most of the population, *El Precio del Estaño* with the stranglehold of tin. Captions and commentary appear in both Spanish and (unfortunately awkward) English. Free copies are available to schools and libraries from the Bolivian Embassy in Washington.

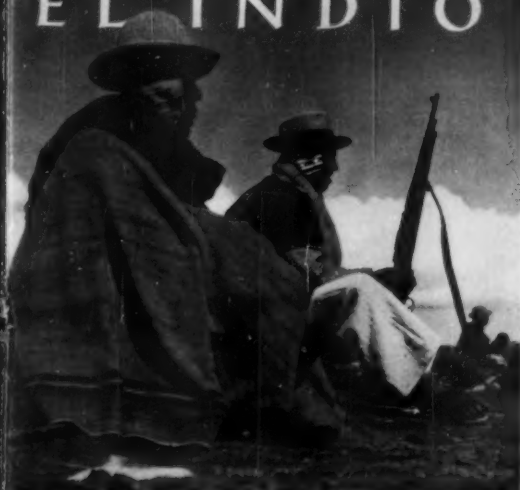
UNIVERSITY OF HAVANA SUMMER SCHOLARSHIPS

The University of Havana is offering to U.S. citizens five tuition scholarships for the 1957 summer session. These scholarships will be awarded through the Division of Education of the Pan American Union, which will be in charge of selection of candidates.

Besides U.S. citizenship, the eligibility requirements for these scholarships are possession as of June 1957 of at least a B.A. or a B.S. and a working knowledge of Spanish. The short summer session runs from July 15 to August 9, the long session from July 15 to August 23. Scholarships may be used for either.

Application blanks and further information may be obtained on request from the Section of Educational Interchange, Division of Education, Pan American Union, Washington 6, D. C. Applications must be received by May 15.

EL INDIO



Cover of El Indio. Both books have four-color covers



Indian mother combines mine labor and infant care
Miners' and nation's welfare depends on price of tin



Awesomely beautiful "roof of the world" provides meager living
Landscape of a tin mine appropriately resembles Inca terraces



Know Your Neighbors by Their Stamps

Roger A. Jones, photographs courtesy Gimbel's Stamp and Coin Department, New York

Answers on page 37



← 1. Cuba has two Morro Castles. This one, at Havana, was completed in 1597, its lighthouse in 1844. Where is the other, which dates from 1600?

2. Erected to celebrate final solution of → boundary dispute, Christ of the Andes stands on border between Argentina and _____. Fill in the blank.



← 3. El Salvador commemorative stamp honoring King Charles I of Spain (Charles V of Holy Roman Empire) for granting San Salvador the title of city in 1546. Is the capital at sea level, at 2,200 feet, or at 5,300 feet?

4. What river plunges 440 feet in a single drop to form Tequendama Falls in Colombia? →



← 5. Rio de Janeiro's Sugar Loaf Mountain stands between the Atlantic Ocean and a bay. Do you know the name of the bay?

6. Columbus landed at Indian village of Cariari, on the Caribbean, on his fourth voyage to America. What Costa Rican banana port occupies the site today? →



← 7. At what famous Bolivian archaeological site would you see this pre-Inca Gateway of the Sun?

8. Cathedral in Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic, was first church in America raised to that rank. Whose remains does it proudly claim to hold? →



← 9. Major harbor improvements are planned for Guayaquil, Ecuador's biggest port. Is it located directly on the Pacific Ocean, on the Gulf of Guayaquil, or on the Guayas River?

10. Was it Diego de Almagro, Pedro de Valdivia, or Bernardo O'Higgins who founded Santiago, the capital of Chile, in 1541? →



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

THE MANLY ART

Dear Sirs:

My interest was attracted by a letter in your January issue in which Mr. Stowe Wilder expressed his indignation over the article "Flying Wrestler," published in the October *AMERICAS*. In my opinion, Mr. Wilder is wrong. Culture and art grow out of life, and without it neither would exist. If we want to know and understand a country's culture and art we must know what the life of its people is really like. Mr. Wilder calls wrestling "the worst side of the United States"; he does not realize that wrestling is also enormously popular in Latin America and almost everywhere else in the world. After all, it is an art. . . .

T. S. Sliwak

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

TRIBUTE TO COVARRUBIAS

Dear Sirs:

Yesterday, February 5, I was grieved to read in the daily newspaper of the death of Miguel Covarrubias from blood-poisoning at the age of fifty-three. This is indeed a loss to the world of art and anthropology and literature. Mr. Covarrubias was one of the most versatile and gifted personalities in the Pan American field. I have not seen much of his work lately, but I know his maps, his many illustrations, paintings, and writings about his travels among the Spanish-speaking nations. . . . I feel that *AMERICAS* is the logical magazine to inform the Americas of their loss, and enrich their experience with a glance back over the accomplishments of this great man.

Mrs. Marian Williams
Houston, Texas

For *AMERICAS'* appraisal of the contribution of the Mexican artist Miguel Covarrubias, see page 7.

MIXED VIEWS

Dear Sirs:

For me your magazine has been a year of disappointment. For the magazine of so important an organization to be so poor has been a revelation. Your covers are poor, the good texture of paper, your arrangement of stories, and pictures are uninteresting, and your stories, many of them, though full of interest are so poorly written that they are dull. For this reason I will not be renewing now or in the future till you turn out a magazine worthy of carrying the story of the brotherhood of the American nations.

Jerome Tippet
Evanston, Illinois

Dear Sirs:

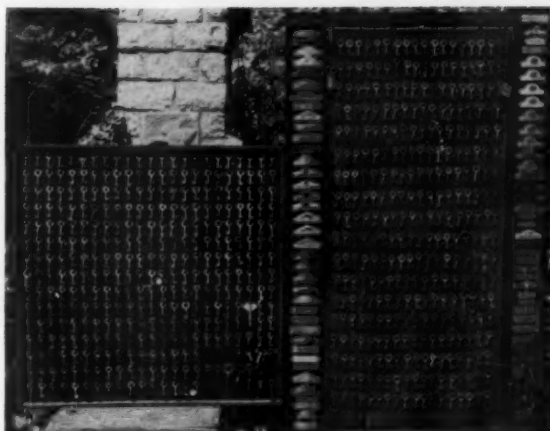
A few lines from an appreciative reader of *AMERICAS*. I think the February 1957 issue especially good. The article "Children's Theater in Rio," by Maria Clara Machado, is most timely and shows high intellect and talent with a fine command of words. I liked "Rip Van Winkle" in my childhood, and still do for a stage play.

Father Antonio Olivares, Apostle of the Birds, is another Saint Francis in the Americas. It reminded me of Assisi in Italy, where I visited St. Francis Church and Rectory.

R. J. Pfeiffer
Tucson, Arizona

TRAVEL CONTEST

To encourage discussion of and possible solutions to the problems of inter-American tourist travel, the Pan American Union is sponsoring an essay contest open to all officials and permanent employees of public and private travel organizations anywhere in the twenty-one American republics or Canada. The prizes—which will be awarded at the Seventh Inter-American Travel Congress, to be held in Uruguay in 1958—are \$1,000 first prize, \$500 second prize, and \$250 third prize. Entries must be submitted by October 1, 1957. For application blanks and copies of the rules, write to the Travel Division, Pan American Union, Washington 6, D. C.



CAPS, BADGES, AND KEYS

Dear Sirs:

As a subscriber of *AMERICAS* and an old Latin American hand, I am writing about my collection of railway switch lock keys (see photograph) and railroad uniform caps and coat badges. . . . These keys are from railroads in Honduras, Guatemala, Panama, Costa Rica, the Canal Zone, Cuba, Mexico, Puerto Rico, and so on.

Anything you might do to help me add to the collection will be appreciated. I will pay the postage on anything appropriate, from any place. If more information is wanted, I will be pleased to supply it.

Robert F. Harding
40 Beach Street
Marblehead, Massachusetts

FOR MUSIC LOVERS

Dear Sirs:

I am particularly interested in the article "IAMC" in the [January] *AMERICAS*. A musical society I belong to has just completed a program and study of music by composers from Central and South America, Mexico, and the Caribbean, and the article will be a valuable source of information for the program chairman and another member of the research committee.

Mrs. A. W. Connor
Tampa, Florida

OCCUPATIONAL DISEASE

Dear Sirs:

Your December [English] *AMERICAS* published an article entitled "The Awakening Forests" that holds strong appeal for the *Journal of Industrial Medicine and Surgery*. It is known to us that some few woods, notably among tropical woods, contain constituents dangerous to workmen manipulating these trees. As few investigations have been made and the information available is fragmentary, the *Journal* desires to foster research to determine the nature and extent of such damage.

Carey P. McCord, M.D.
Institute of Industrial Health
Ann Arbor, Michigan

FAIR TRADE

Dear Sirs:

After reading "Borrowed Families" by Marion Wilhelm in the [November English] issue of *AMERICAS*, we feel that your readers might like to know that other schools have exchange programs too.

Miss Felisa Lugo, a teacher in Secondary School No. 11 in Mexico City, and I started a student exchange program in 1954, with four of my students spending that summer in Mexico City, and nine Mexican girls and teachers coming to Clinton the following winter. This past summer seven girls and three boys from Clinton spent several weeks in Mexico City, and in December eleven Clinton homes entertained eleven Mexican visitors, ten young girls and their chaperone, Mrs. Dolores Valenzuela. It

was a pleasure to watch the young people forming lasting friendships. Our charming Mexican guests spent a busy three weeks here. They visited classes and gave talks, and the Pan American Club had a banquet in their honor. They sang and danced in beautiful regional costumes. Later we had a Christmas party with a *piñata*, and the Mexican girls displayed arts and crafts in a store window. The visitors were even featured on television over station WOC.

We receive no monetary remuneration for our services, though the Mexican Government provides free transportation to the border for the chaperone. We are more than paid by feeling we have contributed to international understanding.

Marie M. Hartmann
Clinton High School
Clinton, Iowa

OAS TELECASTS

In addition to those listed in AMERICAS last month, the following television stations will show the documentary film *The OAS—A Digest of Its Activities* during April, May, and June:

April 6	2:00 P.M.	WRAL-TV Raleigh, North Carolina
April 21	3:30 P.M.	KQTV Fort Dodge, Iowa
May 18	12:30 P.M.	KRIS-TV Corpus Christi, Texas
May 30	6:30 P.M.	KILT-TV El Paso, Texas
June 3	4:30 P.M.	WESH-TV Daytona Beach, Florida
June 3	9:30 P.M.	KSHO-TV Las Vegas, Nevada
June 9	10:00 P.M.	WNOW-TV York, Pennsylvania
June 15	4:30 P.M.	WICS-TV Springfield, Illinois
June 15	12:00 P.M.	KFJZ Fort Worth, Texas

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MAIL BAG

The following correspondents, in search of pen pals throughout the Hemisphere, have asked AMERICAS to publish their names and addresses. Readers requesting this service must print their names and addresses and be able to write in at least two of the official OAS languages (English, Spanish, Portuguese, and French), shown below by the initials after the name. Those who are students are asked to say whether they are of high-school (H) or college (C) level. Stamp collectors are indicated by an asterisk after the name.

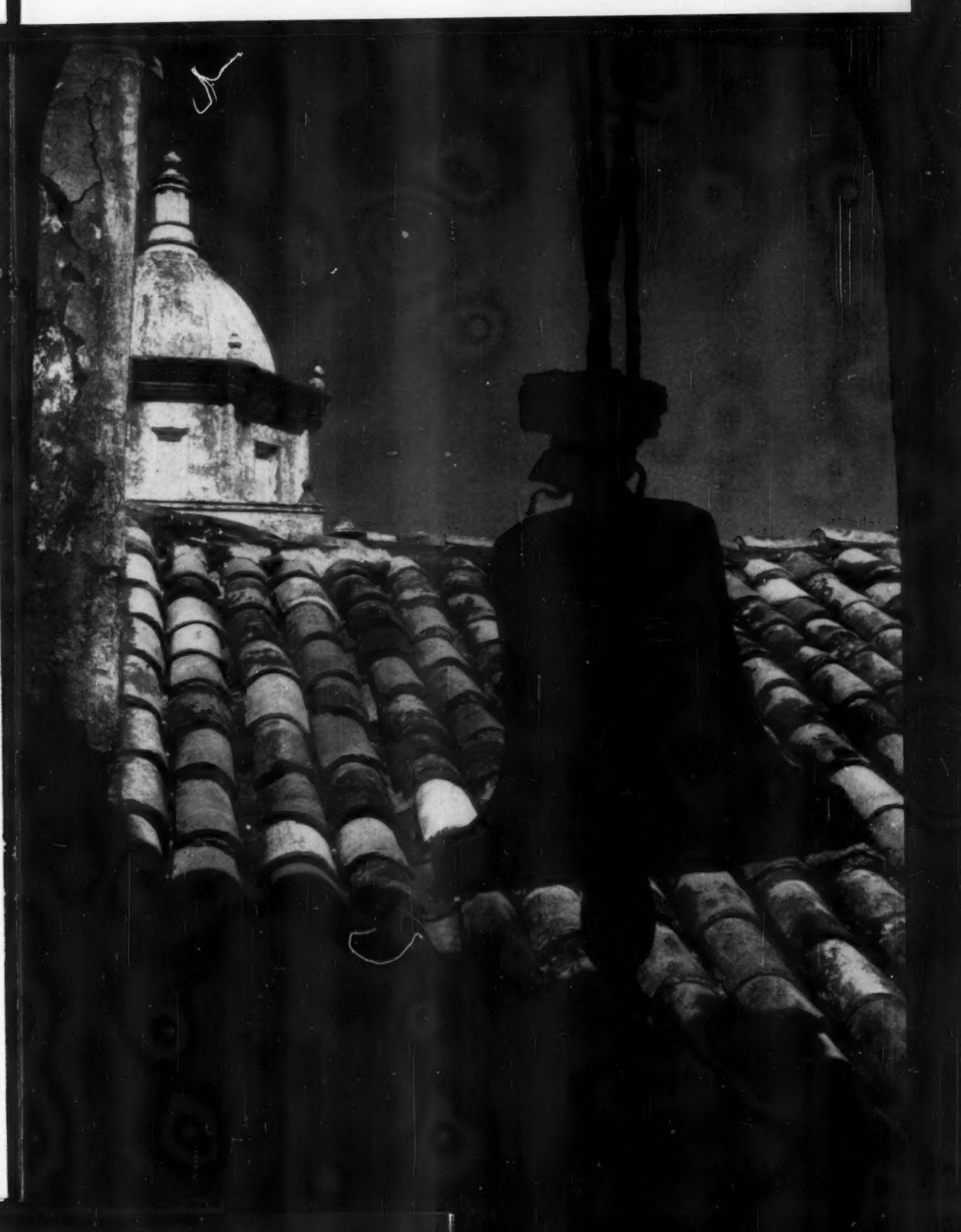
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1/LT. Zelda M. Bailey (E, S) Women's Medical Specialist Corps Occupational Therapy Section US Army Hospital Ft. Carson, Colorado	Frances Surovcak (E, S)—H Sealy, Texas
John Kelly (E, S, F)—H 406 W. 15th Street Chicago Heights, Illinois	Bea King (E, S)—H Sealy, Texas
Julio César Ramos (E, S)* Mariscal Foch 302 San José, Uruguay	Raúl R. Rebogliatti (E, S, Italian)* Wheelwright, Santa Fe Province Argentina
Peggy Maberry (E, S)—H 409 Washington Avenue Oildale, California	Frédéric G. Sobanik (E, F)* 853 Naugatuck Avenue "Riverview" Milford, Connecticut
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Mary Alice Kovicka (E, S)—H 642 Seventh Street Sealy, Texas	
Wayne Angle (E, S)—H Rt. 3, Box 67 Sealy, Texas	

The Organization of American States unites the twenty-one republics of the Western Hemisphere for the common purpose of maintaining peace, freedom, security, and welfare of all Americans. The member states are: Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela.

The OAS had its inception in 1890 during the First International Conference of American States, which met in Washington. Today, it operates through a large number of different agencies and institutions throughout the Hemisphere, all contributing to the common objective of preserving the peace and security of the member states and promoting, by cooperative action, their economic, social, and cultural development.

The Pan American Union, central permanent organ and General Secretariat of the OAS, has its headquarters in Washington, D. C. Called "The House of the Americas," its main building of white marble, with its tropical patio and Aztec Garden, is visited each year by thousands of Americans from all parts of the Western Hemisphere.

Pan American Day is celebrated annually throughout the Americas on April 14th.



...Ojajona, highland village in Honduras

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ANIZATION

AFRICAN

ATES

At the Pan American Union, Washington, D. C., will be celebrated
PAN AMERICAN DAY, APRIL 14, 1958

This is America's 57th annual Pan American Day. It is a day of
celebration for the United States and the other countries of the Western
Hemisphere. It is a day to remember the signing of the Declaration of
Independence in 1776.

For more information, contact the

PAN AMERICAN UNION, Washington, D. C.

PAN AMERICAN UNION
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